

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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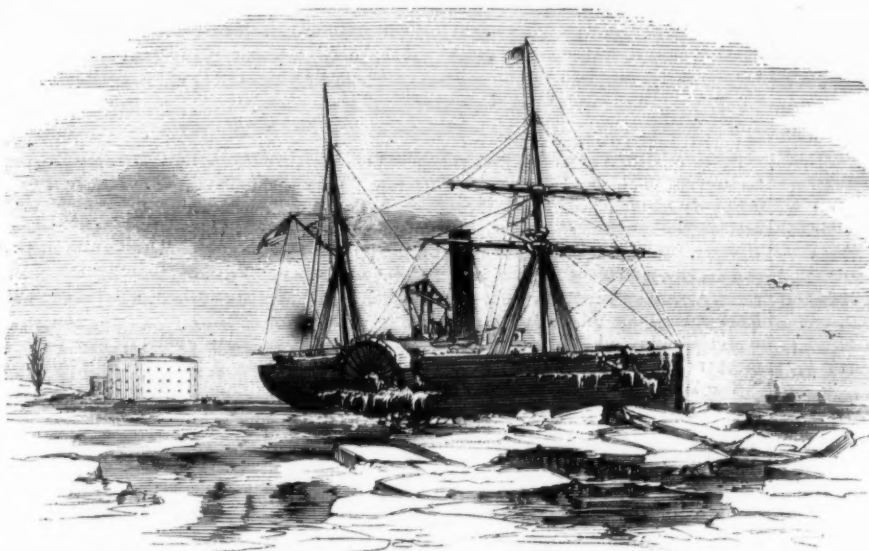
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

ACCIDENT TO THE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP GRANADA, FROM THE ICE IN NEW YORK BAY.

For some days the ice had been gathering in our harbor. The sudden spell of moderate weather had loosened it up the Hudson river, and the ebb tide brought it down in large masses and fields, and borne along by the strong current, it became an object of danger and fear to the vessels which were compelled to venture into the stream.

The United States Mail Steamship Granada, Captain McGowan, of the M. O. Roberts line from New Orleans and Havana, on her way up the harbor to her dock, at about half-past seven p. m., encountered these heavy masses of ice. It was quite dark, and so completely was she surrounded by the ice, that she had to be stopped and backed out several times. On arriving near the Battery, it was found that one of the heavy floes must have cut into her bows, for she was making water fast and in a sinking condition. Her course was immediately directed to the nearest wharf, but after several unsuccessful efforts, she was finally made fast to the dock occupied by the Erie Railroad Company, at the foot of Duane street, where she soon sunk,



ACCIDENT TO THE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP GRANADA, FROM HAVANA AND NEW ORLEANS—HER BOW CUT THROUGH BY THE ICE WHEN NEAR HER DOCK IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

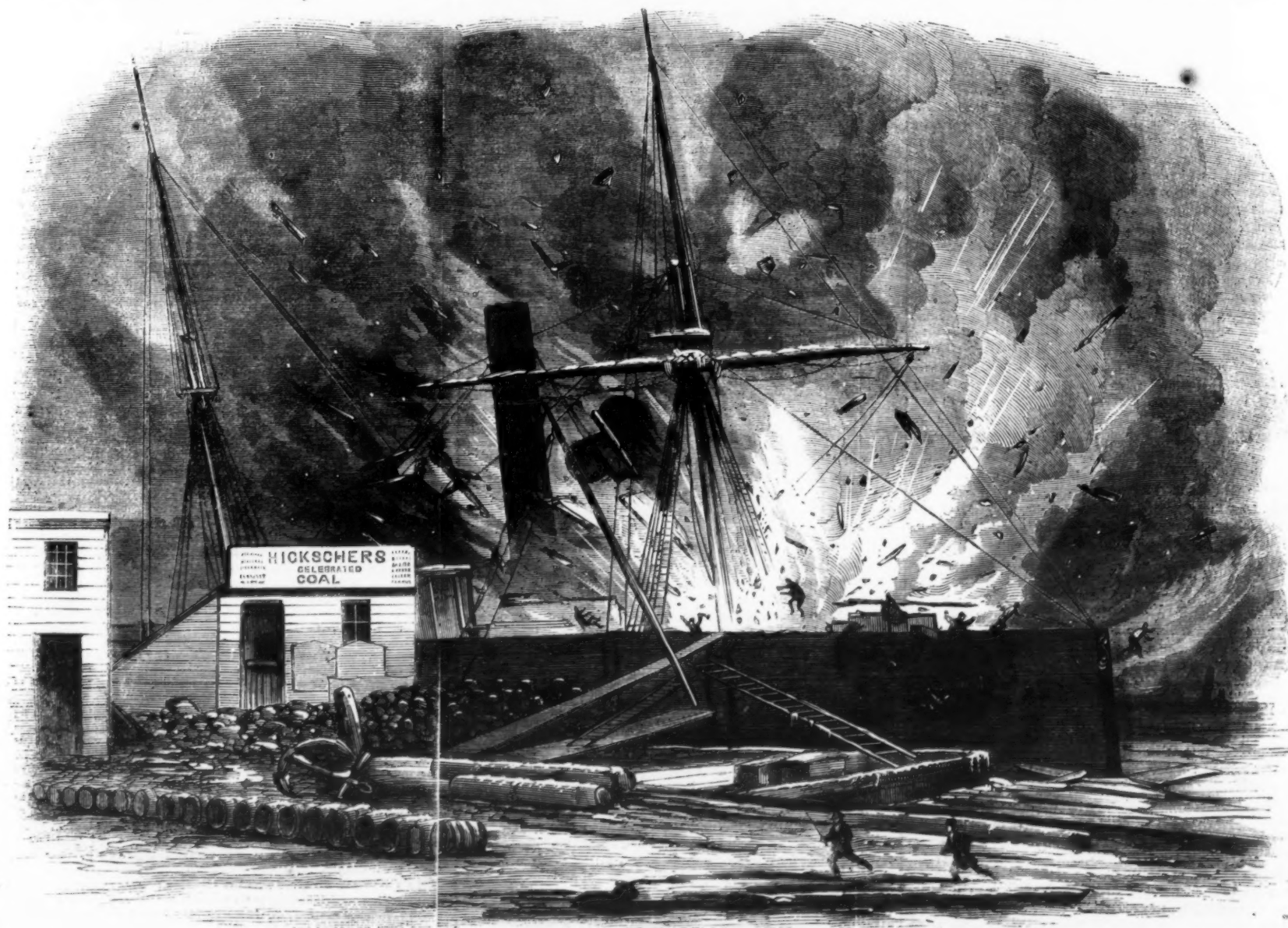
the stern being quite immersed, the bows well out of the water.

The last hour was an anxious one to the passengers. Trifling as the danger may appear to the casual reader, a fearful tragedy was on the eve of happening, for though so close to the shore, almost within reach of their homes, had the vessel sunk in deep water, surrounded by floating ice, and in the midst of darkness, but few of those living anxious souls on board would have reached that shore alive. Luckily, however, the landing was accomplished without accident, and the chilled and thankful passengers sought their several homes.

The cargo, which consisted of fifty-eight bales of cotton, two hundred barrels of flour, twenty-five barrels of stearine, twenty-five barrels of clarified sugar, with a large lot of cigars, was very materially damaged. The Granada, now in charge of the Underwriters, is being pumped out and will soon be afloat again.

Terrible Explosion on Board of the Sunken Steamship Granada.

As soon as the condition of the United States Mail Steamship Granada was known, the Board of Underwriters took charge of her, in order to look after the cargo, &c. At the earliest pos-



EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER OF ONE OF THE STEAM PUMPS BELONGING TO THE BOARD OF UNDERWRITERS, ON BOARD THE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP GRANADA, ON WHICH THEY HAD PLACED IT FOR THE PURPOSE OF PUMPING HER OUT, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1859.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

sible moment they placed two powerful steam pumps on her forward deck for the purpose of clearing her of water and raising her. The process of pumping proceeded satisfactorily until Saturday afternoon at half-past four o'clock P. M., when one of the boilers burst with terrific force and a tremendous report, forcing it over twenty feet in the air. In its descent it completely crushed the pilot-house to pieces and doing other damage, until it fell upon the hurricane deck.

It was some time before the extent of the damage could be ascertained, but as soon as the smoke cleared away the effects of the explosion were painfully visible. One man, named Luke Flannigan, a deck hand, was lying dead, and around him several variously and severely wounded. Some were horribly scalded, others had their ribs and limbs broken, and all were suffering great agony. The scene was one most painful to look upon.

Eleven men were injured one way or the other, but of these only four seriously so. Every care was taken of them by Dr. Weir, house surgeon of the hospital, where they were conveyed.

An inquest was held, and the verdict was that the accident was owing to a flaw in the boiler, and that great blame was due to those to whom it belonged. Some parts of the iron came off in flakes, so unfit was the material for the purpose.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1859-60.
The Second Concert will take place on Saturday Evening, January 7, 1860, at the Academy of Music, on which occasion the following eminent artists will appear: MADAME ANNA BISHOP and MR. GUSTAV SATTER, Piano. Conductor, Mr. THEODORE ESSELD. No reserved seats. Doors open at seven; to commence at eight o'clock P. M. By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1860.
Authors and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the Budget of Fun. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.		
One Copy	17 weeks	\$ 1
One do.	1 year	3
Two do.	1 year	5
Or one Copy	2 years	5
Three Copies	1 year	6
Five do.	1 year	10
And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.		

OFFICE, 13 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

In consequence of the press of matter we have been obliged to omit our London and Paris Letters, our Billiard Column, and other articles of interest.

Mayor Wood.

MAYOR WOOD, with his usual energy, has inaugurated his reign by exposing his powerlessness to check the evil doings of the various Boards which constitute the City Government. It would seem as though his function was limited to either approval or veto, and that practically the latter was of no effect, since the two-third vote of a corrupt Board can override his veto, and carry out its designs, however iniquitous. This consequently reduces him to a mere nonentity, and proves what the *Herald* said before the election, that it mattered little who was Mayor, and that the people must reform the Common Council before there can be any hope of good or cheap Municipal Government. With respect to a man of such eminent ability and large experience as Fernando Wood, it is idle to advise him; he knows what is wanted to save the citizens of New York from being plundered as they have been for many years, and we trust he will watch over the proceedings of these Boards, and thoroughly expose their measures when at variance with the public welfare. His voice is potent, and his means of making it heard sufficient to enlighten on his side every right-thinking man in the community. Directly he makes it plain that he is the protector of the public interest, he will wield a power which these corrupt Boards will find it impossible to resist. As the matter now stands, his Message deals in generalities, and in regrets of his utter inability to counteract the selfish aims and extravagance of the men over whose actions it is supposed he has a supervision, and whose scandalous proceedings throw an odium upon him as the nominal head of the Corporation.

We notice with much pleasure his avowed intention of protecting the emigrants from those brutal ruffians called Runners, a class with which till now every Mayor has seemed to sympathize, since no efforts have hitherto been made to check their robberies and violence; the few cases that have come before them being considered as atoned for by the return of the extortion. We venture to say that this one class of outrages has done more to degrade our Judiciary in the eyes of the world than crimes of apparently larger magnitude.

We agree with a daily contemporary, that if Mayor Wood puts down the Emigrant Runners, he will deserve a civic crown.

With regard to the Common Council, the Committees and the Board of Supervisors, he can soon have them on the hip if he will join issue with them on some of those glaring swindles which are now considered as among the loaves and fishes of Municipal Government.

Pawnbroking.

THERE has been no period of the world's history when the lender of money upon personal property has not existed on the same business footing as any tradesman. The privilege of following this branch of money lending has been, through all the records of Christendom, the peculiar property of the Hebrews. Why they should have particularly assumed it is perhaps more than the antiquarian can answer, but it is an unquestionable deduction, that from this assumption, through our prejudices to the race, we surround the idea of pawnbroking with a repulsiveness that makes it little less than a tabooed subject of conversation or of the pen.

Our attention has been called lately to the fact that in the city of Boston the first step has been taken in this country toward putting this branch of social and commercial service upon purely a business basis. We allude to the organization of an institution, under the title of "The Pawners Bank," the officers and directors of which are taken from business men and the charter granted with peculiar privileges. The capital is to be \$50,000, a small sum, but possibly large enough for the present wants of Boston. Their rates of interest will be twenty-five per cent. per annum, a large percentage, when viewed in the ordinary light of money lending, but only enough to afford a fair profit when losses, expenses and all the mischances are taken into consideration.

In the matter of pawnbroking, no two cities of the Union act under the same laws. Boston has no statutes protecting the loaner, and the result is, that as he is in constant peril of being made to disgorge both pledge and usurious interest, he secures himself, as far as he is able, by charging a heavy rate. His transactions are made upon thirty days for redemption or a forfeiture of the goods, and a charge of from six to ten per cent. per month. In Philadelphia the pawnbroker is licensed either by the State or the city, and makes his loan upon such time as may be agreed on, charging six per cent. a month. Each of the cities has its own rates, where the business is legalized, but none less than twenty-five per cent. per annum. Where it is not legalized, the business is still transacted in a quiet way, principally by auctioneers, if there be one in the town, and as a matter of course, these informal pawnbrokers charge the most they can get, and get the most they can.

We fail to see what just arguments can be used against the business of pawnbroking when rightly conducted by respectable men. It has been urged that these places offer too great facilities for the thief to dispose of his plunder. Granted, that in some cases it may be so, and yet there are none who will argue that their abolition would lessen stealing, or that the thief would not find other means of disposing of his plunder if they did not exist. The well-schooled pawnbroker rarely takes a stolen article, and the professional thief rarely goes to him; firstly, because the pawnbroker almost instinctively knows the pilfered offering, and secondly, because the face of almost every professional thief in town is known to him.

It is to the poorer and middling classes that these places should be made accessible, and the false idea of disgrace that now attends the pledging of personal property done away with. No plain, sensible person will argue that it is more disgraceful to borrow a sum of money really required on the security of any article of personal property, than on the pledging of real estate in bond and mortgage, or the deposit of commercial paper as collateral for a loan. No sensible or sensitive man but would prefer, could the false idea of disgrace be wiped away, to go to the pawnbroker, making the transaction a mere matter of business, than to solicit what he might want at the hands of a personal friend.

The Governments of Europe have recognized the necessity of such institutions, and have made the recognition practical by establishing *Mons de Piété* in their principal cities, where the largest possible sum is loaned on the offered article and the lowest possible interest charged. Their operations have always been attended with success, and are as important an element in state policy as any of its machinery. Many an *émeute* has been prevented by the expanding of loans through the *Mons de Piété*, and many an incipient revolution crushed in the bud by the well-timed generosity of these Government uncles.

New York, of all the cities of the United States, is best legislated for on the subject of pawnbroking, and as a consequence, makes most use of the privilege. The business here, with but few exceptions, is confined to a respectable class of men. They act under a municipal license; all transactions are based upon twelve months' time, bearing interest at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum, or three per cent. a month, with certain legal provision relative to the amount loaned reaching two-thirds of the value of the article pledged, and a return of all overplus to the pledger, after paying loan and interest, should the article be sold at the end of the twelve months. When the great amount of business transacted by many of these New York pawnbrokers is taken into consideration, it seems wonderful that more stolen goods are not found in their possession, but a slight attention will show that the interference of the police in their affairs is a matter of rare occurrence. Their books must be submitted at all times to the scrutiny of the officials, and any identified articles can be immediately recovered. This, consequently, schools the pawnbroker into a power of perception that in many cases seems almost more than human.

We are glad to see this Boston movement, and trust that it will lead to more sensible legislation on the subject in all the States. Let us tear away the prejudices from our minds upon this branch of business, and rather seek to surround it with as much respectability as is now assumed by other branches of brokerage. If the dealing in stocks, the shaving of commercial paper and the discounting of issues from bogus banks is respectable, then we claim the same designation for pawnbroking.

An Historical Museum of Art.

AN earnest effort is being made by the New York Historical Society to purchase for this city the celebrated Egyptian Museum. We sincerely trust that it may succeed. If thirty-four thousand dollars can be raised among the wealthy and public-spirited, in addition to the twenty-six thousand dollars already promised, we can secure a collection worth at the very least one hundred thousand dollars, and which, regarded from a historical and scientific point of view, is literally invaluable.

The first ethnographers and antiquarians in the world, such men as Gardner Wilkinson and Seyffarth, have testified to the immense value of this museum and the influence which it must exert on more than one highly important branch of study. Every student of the Bible or ancient history must feel this, and were but a small proportion of the useful facts and data which have been drawn from this collection alone made generally public, the whole community of intelligent and reading men would gladly contribute each their mite to secure it. It is not, as many suppose, a merely entertaining show, like one of waxworks and Irish giants. It is rather a library, a mass of data and wonderful facts, something from which great truths can be drawn by patient scholars.

But there is another point of view, regarded from which the Egyptian collection becomes of very great practical importance. Every artist, every lover of art and refined literature, every manufacturer who requires original designs, knows that this country, and especially this city, wants a great illustrative gallery of historical art and antiquities, in which the student may acquire a perfect knowledge of each of the great national developments of humanity. We want an Academy of Art, with lectures and galleries, where the Greek and Roman, the Oriental and Egyptian, the Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance may be seen as they really were, and Abbott's Egyptian collection would be an excellent nucleus, a first-rate beginning for such an institution. To this the Bryan gallery and other galleries might be added, and if properly organized, a grand museum and college of art might be eventually established which would attract hither a vast concourse of artists and patrons of art.

No country in the world can show more vigorous, original creative talent than Americans possess; but we need art education, and our young artists require that general historical culture which knowledge of the past must supply. The most original, confident

and vigorous designers—we will say for instance of wall paper or calico patterns—are those who have perfectly mastered the spirit and details of Etruscan, Greek, Gothic and other styles. New York can afford to establish a great gallery like this, at least she can afford to begin it. At the rapid increase of prices of works of art which is constantly going on, there could not even be a pecuniary risk in making such collections. As an attraction to the city it would surpass any permanent exhibition in the country.

The following letter from Gardner Wilkinson, of London, whose opinion upon the subject is conclusive, fully endorses the genuineness and value of the Abbott Collection:

"33 York street, Portman square, London, November 17, 1859.
"MY DEAR SIR—It was only a short time since that I heard of the death of our mutual friend, Dr. Abbott, which all who knew him must sincerely lament, for there never was a more liberal, kind-hearted and estimable man, and it is a pleasure to express an opinion, formed from an acquaintance with Dr. Abbott of many years, to you who have taken so great an interest in his welfare. I am anxious to know about the valuable collection he sent to America. I really hope it will continue to command the interest it so justly excited when first it went to New York, and that its great importance will not be lost sight of. If the people of the United States were not so intelligent or so capable of estimating its merits as they are, I should grieve that it had left Europe, and that my recommendation for its purchase by the British Museum had not been adopted, for such a collection is not likely to be offered to us again, especially since the Egyptian Government has commenced the formation of one in the country. But I think that it is of more importance to mankind, and more in the interest of science and universal knowledge, that collections should exist in many different and distant places; and the advantages to be derived from their study promise to be great in proportion as people are energetic and interested in the subject they illustrate. This particularly applies to the United States of America, from which so many intelligent travellers go annually to visit the temples and sites of ancient Egyptian cities.

"Indeed, the possession of such a collection would be an honor and benefit to any land, and a day will come when the United States, in the zenith of their power, will look back with pride on the good sense of their predecessors who established this valuable department of the National Museum, and will give due credit to the citizens of New York for their patriotism and discernment. I shall rejoice when I learn that Dr. Abbott's Collection has received their acknowledgment of its importance, and that New York has shown its determination of owning an Egyptian Museum which shall rival the best in Europe; for we all profit by the labors of such enlightened minds as those possessed by America, and the success of their studies cannot but be furthered by the aid of materials which so fully illustrate the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. You must feel a great interest in this matter, and I hope that you, and all who know Egypt, will make common cause thereon, independent of the very natural desire of every American of education to see that his compatriots appreciate the importance of such a collection, and are sensible of the credit which must attach to its possession. I shall be much obliged to you if you will kindly let me know what is done in this matter when you have a spare moment for writing.
"Believe me, yours truly,
"GARDNER WILKINSON."

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Common Council has voted \$500 for ex-Mayor Tiemann's portrait and \$1,000 for ex-Governor Seymour's. We understand the reason why the portrait of the former is to be done so much cheaper is, that Tiemann finds his own paint!

The London Times announces that the lawyers of the great metropolis have formed themselves into a Rifle Corps. They practise in Lincoln's Inn. It is said that the members of this corps charge better than any other men in the world. Sixty years ago the lawyers had a regiment, which Lord Erskine, their colonel, christened as "The Devil's Own!"—a name which would apply equally well to the lawyers of New York; than whom a jollier set of young imps does not exist.

The Courts of Law are now much occupied with theatrical squabbles. It is sickening to see the constant attention drawn to the rival professions of pugilism and acting. There are now the "Octoroon" case, the Laura Keane and the Forrest. It would appear as though they could not live out of the public eye, realising the old joke of the lover who was such a pig that he preferred living in the sty of his Julia's eye.

The Shower of Compliments which every year salute Mr. D. T. Valentine, the city clerk, resembles the bouquets thrown at a prima donna at her last appearance for the season. Mayor Tiemann upon going out of power, and Mayor Wood upon coming in, were equally eulogistic. In a Municipal Government like ours this unanimity is wonderful. It is also a proof that if a public officer will do his duty fearlessly and courteously, even such men as Aldermen are impressed by it.

The Brutal Institution of prize-fighting has lately been taken into favor by the morning papers. Last week there was an impudent farrow of nonsense from a person named Aaron Jones, which drew from another of the same desperate school, one James Massey, a rejoinder. The daily press wants that only efficient censorship, public opinion, to be brought upon it to purge it of these unworthy panderings to a brutal and vicious class. The amazing audacity of the men, who live in idleness upon this horrible trade, partakes almost of the sublime. It is humiliating to an American to see that as England lays down her old vices we adopt them.

The Editor of one of the story papers, in a conico-serio pronouncement, somewhat half-way between the Mexican and the Chinese style of grandiloquence, after exhausting his powers of expression in dwelling upon the marvellous merits of his paper, bursts out into this magnificent specimen of composition: "The value of the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone!" The idea of computing the value of a thing by considering it as nothing is not original. It had its beginning in a play of Dryden's, where the hero exclaimed to his lady love, "My love's so great, because it is so small!"

Which, drawing from Lord Rochester the retort of "Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!"

damned the play. Our modern puffer says, "To realize how much we should be missed, let us suppose that we do not exist. That done, we've only got one step to go, and then conceive how little our readers know."

Which, if they have been constant readers of the paper in question, is not a very unlikely result.

A Little Albany Journal, which has been trying to get a larger one into a controversy, says, "Our friend won't or can't argue. We wish to convince him or be convinced ourselves. At all events, we want him to know our views in *extenso* on this subject." We copy this precious little nugget of ignorance and presumption for the benefit of all those half-educated men, who, having got hold of a book above their comprehension, think they understand it, and drive their friends mad or themselves out of society, by a continuous stream of unmeaning gabble about questions which every well-read man has long ago decided in his own mind. What such men call argument is nothing but a talkative squirrel turning over and over again in a cage of verbiage.

Virginia is fast losing the respect of all moderate men. We notice the following in one of their papers:

"A bill is now before the Legislature of Virginia for the repeal of the Anti-Duelling laws, by which all persons engaged in a duel, even to the sending or receiving a challenge, both principals and seconds, are rendered incapable of holding or being elected to any post of profit, trust or emolument, civil or military, executive or judicial, under the Government of Virginia."

This bill ought to be called a bill for the facilitation and legalization of murder!

There has been a very sharp correspondence between an inquiring person named Randall, of Philadelphia, and a modest gentleman named Dana—an editor, of course. It appears that some of the writers of the *Tribune* thought it necessary to rebuke Mr. Randall for hissing Curtis, whereupon he writes to Mr. Dana, of the *Tribune*, demanding satisfaction in a very inquisitive letter. The editor of the *Cyclopædia* raps him over the knuckles for his peculiarities of spelling. This impudent demand to know who writes this or that in a paper is a growing nuisance, which must be stopped. Not long ago one of the reporters of the *Tribune* acted just as absurdly as Mr. Randall has done. Some allusion to a donkey having appeared in a paper, he would insist that it was meant for him. We hope that he will read his superior's lesson to Randall and profit thereby.

The Conduct of Mr. Branch in endeavoring to fix a quarrel upon Mr. Grow, by forcing a meaning to the words of the latter, has been most destructive to Branch's reputation. Men who have hitherto been his staunchest friends have expressed their indignation at his behavior, as being equally damaging to the cause as to himself. Let us warn both North and South of the danger they run in provoking these murderous conflicts. The first Senator or Representative who falls in such an encounter will strike at the very vitals of the Union. As for the insane drivell of a morning paper, which says that the British Government has devoted a million of dollars to the election of an

Abolitionist President, it is too stupid to be dangerous." The same letter, which purports to be a letter from London, contains a fowler calumny on our Southern States than Cheever or Beecher ever spoke or penned! It is time that we should act like freemen and members of a Christian community, and not like traitors and bullies.

The Unblushing Impudence with which some merchants coolly announce their readiness to rob the parents of some youth of four or five dollars a week is perfectly amazing. One day last week a firm down town advertised for a youth of fourteen to sixteen years, to live at home with his parents, salary fifty dollars a year! Who can wonder at clerks robbing their employers, when they have such instances of employers robbing clerks before their eyes, by defrauding them of their just wages. The dishonesty is equally strong in one case as the other.

We are glad to see the police authorities have ordered that all children found begging in the streets shall be taken home to their parents the first time, and taken to the House of Refuge the second. Cannot the humanity of this Christian community go a little further and see into the cause which impels those parents to send out their children to beg; if they are drunken parents let the State take care of its future citizen, and send him from his impending fate. If sickness or destitution, the State should best to find work for these miserable creatures. We waste millions in wars, and are ready to give eighty millions for Cuba. Why not invest a little in the cheap and profitable employment of raising the condition of our white slaves in the North. Mayor Wood has now a golden opportunity of making his name resplendent in the annals of city government, if he will only carry common sense and humanity into operation.

The Secretary of War in his report recommends that martial law should be proclaimed in Utah, as the only method to put an end to the horrible crimes committed by these hitherto apparently special pets of Mr. Buchanan—the Mormons. The sooner Governor Cummings is recalled, also, the better. Such villains as Brigham Young and his elders can only understand grape and canister. Governor Floyd openly confesses that neither life nor property are safe throughout the length and breadth of Mormondom. It must be put an end to. Our national honor is dimmed every day till it is done.

Personal.

HEIDESIECK & CO.'S CHAMPAGNE.—In our last issue we placed before our readers an elaborate report, by our Paris correspondent, of the manufacture of champagne wine in France, accompanied with illustrations of the vineyards, vaults, &c., owned by Messrs. Heidesieck & Co., of Reims. The sole agent in this country is Mr. L. E. Amsinck, 92 Pearl street, to whose advertisement in another part of our paper we direct the attention of all who are desirous of procuring the original Heidesieck champagne.

The daughter of Lavater, the celebrated physician and physiognomist, is in such poor circumstances that she has offered to dispose of her father's surgical instruments and silver-mounted medicine chest.

The English magazine, the *Titan*, is defunct.

The preparations are all made in London for the rival to the *Times*. It is to be called the *Dial*. Talis is to be the publisher, and a Scotch parson the editor. The idea of rivaling the *Thunderer* is ludicrous!

More surprise is expressed at the sudden return of Chevalier Wikoff, since he cannot have been to China. It is reported that he lost his despatches, and has come back for others!

GERHART SMITH is nearly restored to health. He returns to his home in a few days. He will then visit Europe for a few months.

The Skaneateles Democrat gives the first chapter in "a story of real life," by saying that Miss Harriet E. Smith, daughter of Mr. Horace Smith, of Stafford, Onondaga county, N. Y., will start soon for Washington Territory, away in the North-West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, to marry a man she has never seen—Mr. D. Spalding, Jr., son of David Spalding, of Stafford. The friends of the parties are intimate, and a correspondence between them has continued for two years, and has resulted in a marriage contract. The young gentleman, being engaged in a profitable business, which he cannot conveniently leave, has recruited funds to the lady, with a request for her to join him there.

BURIAL OF COPP IN OHIO.—A correspondent writes from West Liberty, Iowa, under date of the 21st, that a large company assembled in that place on that day to witness the arrival of the body of young Coppie. The train came, but not the body. The messenger who had been sent for the body, however, arrived, and stated to the crowd that it was the desire to bring the body to West Liberty, but when they arrived with it at Salem, Ohio, the birthplace of Coppie, it was considered best by his friends there to have it interred in the Friends' graveyard, by the side of his grandfather and some other relatives who were buried there. He was buried on last Sunday in the presence of two thousand persons.

REV. DANIEL WORTH was arrested in Guilford, N. C., the other day, for saying that he would not have had John Brown hang "for a thousand worlds." At his examination he spoke in his own defense, and read extracts from Hoper's book. He was held to bail in \$5,000 for trial. The officers had a very rough time in protecting Worth from the indignation of the people.

GENERAL W. A. OWENS, of Barnwell, South Carolina, solicitor of the Southern Circuit, is dead. The Charleston Mercury says: "From a wild and mischievous country boy of Prince William's parish, with small means and unlearned, he became a good citizen, a proficient lawyer, a member of the Legislature, solicitor of the Southern Circuit and candidate for Congress at the time of his death."

The Rev. Dr. Pomroy has published a card with reference to his dismissal from the Secretaryship of the Missionary Society at Boston, for having become the victim of sundry women, in which he says: "I do not undertake to exonerate myself from blame. Far from it. I ought not to have gone where, nor to have done what I did. To have put in jeopardy such momentous interests was an aggravated offence, and wholly without excuse. This I confess with shame and deep self-abasement before God. At the hand of a righteous God I have deserved all that has come upon me, and infinitely more. At the same time I have never admitted, and do not now admit, the actual crime which has been so extensively alleged or taken for granted. However great my guilt in the sight of Heaven—and that it was very great I freely admit—still I have denied, and do deny, the actual crime. It was not committed, and therefore no testimony can prove it."

PROFESSOR JOHN FROST died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the evening of December 28. His age was fifty-nine. Professor Frost was well known as the author of a "Pictorial History of the World," and several popular historical epistles, and of a veritable library of school books. For some years past he had been engaged exclusively in teaching, having relinquished his literary labors. Probably no man in America ever published so many miscellaneous and popular works as Professor Frost.

JUDEN VAN BUREN, Coxswain, Greene county, Pa., died recently at the age of seventy-three. He belonged to one of the old Dutch families on the Hudson, and has ever occupied a high position in social as well as in public life. He was an intimate friend of ex-President Van Buren, and of Dr. Beckman, of Kinderhook, and has always been esteemed for his propriety and highly honorable character.

GOVERNOR BLACKSNAKE, the "old Indian," died at his residence on the Alleghany Reservation, eight miles from East Randolph, Cattaraugus county, Dec. 26, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-three years. He was probably, before his death, the oldest Indian living. He was in the French War previous to the Revolution; also in the Revolutionary war, and sided with the Americans. He was a great aid to Washington, acting in the capacity of a runner and bearer of despatches. His family have now in their possession a silver medal that was presented to him by General Washington, and on which the "old Governor" put more value than on all else he had. General Washington, he says, was a great and good man. He (Blacksnake) has been a great warrior. He was beloved and respected by all, and many are the people that have visited him for several years past, both far and near.

HON. DAVID F. GORDON, formerly Supreme Court Judge in Pennsylvania, died at Reading in that State, Dec. 27, aged sixty.

HON. SAMUEL CASEY, Treasurer of the United States, died on the morning of Dec. 22, at Caseyville, Kentucky, where he retired on account of sickness in the beginning of last month. He was appointed to the position held by him at the time of his death in the early part of the Administration of President Pierce. His age was about seventy-one years.

MR. RICHARD STORRS WILLES, who originated, and up to the present time has edited the *Market World*, this week withdraws from its special editorship, for the purpose of putting into execution a long contemplated plan of revising and publishing, collectively, his various literary and musical productions. He will continue to furnish editorial matter for the paper.

HON. ISAAC BLACKFORD, senior Judge of the Court of Claims, died in Washington on the evening of the 31st ult. He was appointed by President Pierce in 1853, and was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties. He was a resident of the State of Indiana at the time of his appointment, held a high rank in the legal profession, and was much esteemed as a citizen and friend.

VICE-PRESIDENT BRECKINRIDGE is the grandson of the Hon. Samuel Stanhope Smith, one of the most learned and elegant gentlemen and scholars of his day; and his great-grandfather was the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, also a President of Princeton College, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from the State of New Jersey.

It is said that the present Treasurer of Maine, Elder Peck, is a defaulter for over \$100,000.

MADAME GRISI has recovered the affections of the Madridites, and now sings with some applause.

It is said that the sudden departure from Philadelphia of some of the Southern students has left their landladies disconsolate. The *Tribune* calls it "The Sawbones' Exodus." Not bad for the solemn wags of the *Tribune*. We are inclined to think the joke emanated from Judge Whitley.

LITERATURE.

TICKNER & FIELDS, of Boston, have just republished that much admired serial, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, originally contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*. These papers, now presented complete in one volume, by their philosophy, their wit, pathos, humor and boldness, did more to make a favorable opinion in the public mind for the *Atlantic Monthly* than all the other literary contributions put together. They were, in fact, the one thing which every one delighted to admire, to know and praise. The purity of style, the choice, elegant and vigorous language contained therein are undeniable, and richly merit the encomiums bestowed upon them.

As we have mentioned the *Atlantic Monthly*, we take the present occasion to observe that, since the failure of Sampson & Co., of Boston, the projectors and the original publishers of that periodical, it has been published by Messrs. Tickner & Fields, whose ample resources and deserved popularity enabled them to continue it with the certainty of success. Their personal influence has retained all who were worth retaining of the old contributors, and has drawn around them a host of the best talent. There can be no doubt that under the auspices of Messrs. Tickner & Fields the *Atlantic Monthly* will gain a vast increase of circulation, and also an increase of excellence and popularity.

We have received also from Tickner & Fields a most interesting and instructive book called *Self-Help: with Illustrations of Character and Conduct*, by Samuel Smiles, author of the "Life of George Stephenson." The plan of this work was suggested by the following fact having come to the author's knowledge: A few young men in a town in the North of England were in the habit of meeting together in a small room, in a small cottage, for the purpose of mutual instruction. These meetings, becoming known, attracted attention, and the few swelled into many, until the cottage could not accommodate half the number. In the summer evenings the meetings were out of doors, and serious study was earnestly pursued—reading, writing, geography, and even mathematics and some of the modern languages. These brave-hearted young men, struggling after knowledge, all of them in the very humblest ranks of life, at length got possession of an old building, where they became regularly installed, and after some time applied to the author to come and "talk to them a bit."

He did as they requested, and it was by adding to the memoranda from which he addressed these young men that the book *Self-Help* was created. It takes a view of the lives of all those eminent men who have made their mark in science, mechanics, art, literature, music, &c., showing how self-help and self-reliance won knowledge from adverse circumstances, and plucked triumphs from opposing elements. The book is arranged with so much tact that it is instructive, and, at the same time, fascinating, so that even those who only glance at it for amusement cannot but be profoundly influenced as he reads these glorious examples of the divinity of the human mind. The most doubting cannot fail to be encouraged, while the ambitious, however surrounded by difficulty, will feel that where others have succeeded he, at least, has a chance also. *Self-Help* will be powerful for good, and we commend it most unhesitatingly.

From ROBERT M. DE WITT, *The Female Spectre; or, Faith Triumphant*. This is a remarkable book—remarkable alike for its strong beauties and its decided blemishes. The title indicates the whole drift and tenor of its design—the final conversion to faith of a very stubborn, charming and disputatious female infidel. The great fault in the book is that there are literally no characters. The individuals portrayed are all sketchy, and for the most part purposeless. Emotions, passions and impulses are refined upon until metaphysics become a bore, and the subject worn threadbare. What glimpses of the human skeleton is permitted to emerge from the superincumbent mass of opposing sentiments and passions, reveal but little of the creature we recognize in our everyday life. They are purely ideal, and more than usually unsubstantial and fragmentary.

The heroine, Meg, is one of those impossible creations on which our modern romancers love to hang a theory for the praiseworthy purpose of disproving it at leisure. There was no possible reason why Meg should have been such an obstinate little infidel, in fact her generous, tender, compassionate, loving heart would render it impossible; but even granting it were so, the means which she brought about the change were by no means adequate. She proves herself an adept at controversial lore, quotes Scripture with wondrous readiness, but the immortal truths which she so flippantly utters find no echo in her heart, or rather understanding. We confess that we can see no real conversion to the true faith; it may, however, have come upon her like a flash, but the days of miracles are over.

The hero, Charley Moore, is by no means a character who could so influence the faith of a girl like Meg. He is too weak, too languid, too vacillating, and, for one who does battle on the Scriptural side of the argument, there is too much levity and too little earnestness of heart or mind.

There is, however, some superb writing in the book, and the expositions of the passions and the tortuous windings of the inner nature of women, exhibit great power of observation and minute self-knowledge.

Despite of its blemishes, there is a deep underlying interest in the plot which carries the reader on to the close, curious and wondering what could be the end of so strange a couple.

We have received from E. D. Loxe & Co. a new work which they have just issued, called *Leisure Moments*, by Miss Martha Haines Matt, of Norfolk, Va. This work has made much talk in the newspaper world and the literary circles, for the fair author is well known both in the Northern and Southern sections of our country. The work is a collection into book form of many of her fugitive pieces, and one long story called, "Parage; or, the Secret Revenge." We have spoken of her style of writing in the brief biographical sketch which accompanies her portrait in another portion of this paper. We have no doubt, from all that we hear, that *Leisure Moments* will meet with a very extensive sale, and prove highly remunerative to both author and publisher.

Rembrandt Peale's *Chart of Death*. A new enterprise has been started by C. G. COLTON, of this city, which bids fair to prove an extraordinary success. He proposes to issue 100,000 chromo-lithographic engravings of Peale's celebrated picture at the low price of one dollar each copy. It is only by selling a vast edition that these beautifully colored lithographs could be afforded at such a price. For a limited edition, five dollars each would only fairly represent their value.

The painting was suggested by the poem of Bishop Porteus on "Death." — Deep in a murky cave's recess Laved by Oblivion's lifeless stream, and fenced By chelving rocks and intermingled horrors Of yew and cypress shade; from all obtrusion Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits In unsubstantial majesty.

The artist has treated the subject with great imaginative force, and has produced a most powerful picture. Mr. Colton has preserved the coloring faithfully, each copy being a fac-simile of the original.

The following letter from the illustrious painter himself is definite upon this point:

"I have seen the Chromo-lithographic engraving of my painting of the 'Chart of Death,' recently executed for Mr. G. Q. Colton (the present proprietor) by Sarny, Major & Knapp, of New York, and can certify that it is an accurate and admirable copy of the original painting."

Mr. Colton's plan has met with great favor from the public all over the country. Orders for copies literally pour in upon him, and he cannot furnish them fast enough. It is a most decided success. Mr. Colton is well known in this community, and may be relied upon for the prompt fulfillment of all his engagements.

We have received from the publishers, C. B. SKYMOCK & Co., No. 58 of the *Musical Friend*, issued this week. It is a very excellent number. The contents are as follows: "Twice one upon a Day," nursery song, A. J. Roche; "Blanche Alphon," song, S. Glover; "Serenade," by Schubert, arranged for piano by Stephen Heller; "Oh! I whisper what thou feelest," song, B. Richards, and "The Romance of Flewry May," for piano by A. Croisez.

DRAMA.

At Wallack's Theatre a new comedy, called "A Husband to Order," has been produced. It is a pleasant piece, evidently of French origin, and turns upon the marriage of a lady of birth and education to a parvenu officer in the army of Napoleon. The lady in question, Josephine de Beauport, has consented to become the wife of the soldier without having previously seen him, in order to regain the family estates, which have been sequestered and bought by the young officer, Captain Marceau. When, however, they at length meet, just on the eve of the nuptials, the lady finds that the parvenu is not only very good-looking but excessively agreeable withal, and concludes that it is not quite so terrible a sacrifice after all to become his wife. The ceremony accordingly takes place, but unfortunately on returning from church, Captain Marceau is greeted by all his old friends and associates, who are of anything but aristocratic bearing, and among them a cousin, one Philippe, and his wife, are especially odious to Josephine; she insists that she will never acknowledge them as relations, preferring as the alternative to discard her husband; Pierre Marceau is indignant, and without a word of farewell leaves for the army, and of course as soon as he has actually gone past recalling his wife repents, embraces his vulgar relatives, and would undoubtedly have treated him in a similarly affectionate manner had he been present. Time passes, and news of Pierre's death arrives. Josephine is inconsolable; but presently a brother of her husband, who is said to be his very counterpart, arrives to read the will. Of course this brother turns out to be the veritable Pierre himself, and convinced of his wife's love, he reveals himself, and all ends happily. There are several minor characters all well defined and carefully worked out; the language of the comedy is quite up to the average of such productions, and is pleasant without being spirited.

Mr. Lester, as Pierre Marceau, the rough but honest soldier, was quite successful, and Mrs. Hoey played Josephine with care. Mrs. Sloan, as Elise, was especially amusing. Walcott tried hard to make a feature of the young lawyer, but was by no means successful as in a somewhat similar part in "Everybody's Friend." Mr. Blake, as Philippe, was droll, but too slow; and Mrs. Vernon did well the little she had to do. The play is nicely mounted, and was received with much favor. We have but to add that the main feature of this play is a counterpart of one of the most striking incidents in Charles Reade's novel of "White Lies," as both the comedy and romance are said to be bor-

rowed from the French, we presume that they drew from one and the same source. Verily, it appears that but for the neighbors across the Channel, light literature would die out altogether in England.

Miss Keene has been playing "Green Bushes" at her establishment as a holiday piece, but it has not proved very attractive. We look, though, for a great success in Mr. Bourcicault's new play (adaptation we mean) of "Jeanie Deans."

The "Octoroon" has not yet been withdrawn at the Winter Garden, nor is any novelty promised, if we except the return of Mrs. John Wood, which is announced as an event about to occur.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

January 4, 1860.

THE holidays have been unusually cold, and it has been a more than usually serious thing to keep the body warm. Nothing could do it but good humor and a judicious indulgence in the hospitalities as well as the compliments of the season. The New Year festivities which are so universally shared in by the world of New York are here but partially observed, many families, after the fashion of most Catholic countries, making the Christmas times, *par excellence*, the joyous period of the year. This is generally so throughout the South, the Dutch element not being much distributed in "that section;" but the continuance of good old Christmas times here and hereabouts is directly owing to the influence of our neighboring State of Maryland, which was so strongly Catholic, and is now so strongly Know Nothing. The New Year's receptions, which formerly were only held in an official manner at the Presidential mansion, have spread to a very social extent, until in our day a large number of our contemporaries, as Leigh Hunt would say, keep open house.

The reception of the President was of the usual formal nature. The foreign Ministers "near" the Republican court bowed their royal masters' and mistresses' congratulations at eleven o'clock; the Judges of the Supreme Court, such as are here—all venerable men—presented themselves at half past eleven, were allowed fifteen minutes to wish "Happy New Years" to each other and Mr. Buchanan; and the same space of time was allotted to the deploying of the army officers, and the "piping of all hands" in naval uniform before his Excellency. Twelve o'clock having arrived the gates were flung open wide, so that the citizens, gentlemen at large and all those whose habit, personal respect, official stations or curiosity impelled them to call at the White House, might have a chance. The excellent band from the Arsenal was in attendance, while Dr. Blake, the Superintendent of Public Buildings, acted as presentory chamberlain to Miss Harriet Lane; while the petite figure and affable features of the District Marshal, Colonel Selden, according to official prominence, stood in the same relation to the Chief Magistrate.

It certainly is a most suggestive sight and a pleasing commentary on the Republican system to see the variety of persons who on such occasions approach the chief of a front rank, and what (if John Brown and Helper—ha! ha! ho! ho!—don't crack it into a series of insignificant parishes—with no population, like the Central and South American Republics, save Presidents and their friends), will be the first power on the earth. Heads of departments, tails of departments, bankers, merchants, tradesmen, clerks in office with the hopes of staying in, would-be clerks out of office, but anxious for ever so small a desk, laborers, newspaper reporters "hunting up" items to astonish the natives in the rural districts, with the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of a majority of the above, may be seen shaking hands with the first citizen, or with all the grace imaginable wishing the lady of the White House the "top of the morning" and all the compliments of the season.

The reception of Senator Douglas was the next thing to be seen and noted, as the mansions of the President and the great Illinois Senator stand in respect to this city of Washington as did the houses of Montague and Capulet to fair Verona. On this cold and raw and bitter New Year's day the Senator's house presented many charms to the visitors, in the shape of all those delicacies which whet and refresh the appetites. The most prominent Senators and Representatives called on Mr. Douglas, including a large number of Southern Democratic members of both Houses. The number of citizens and outside politicians who either presented themselves or left their cards was very great, and was an attention to Mrs. Douglas which the Judge thoroughly appreciates. But then he is the coming man, so every one says—and he will have his spacious saloons crowded whenever it is known the doors are open.

Our excellent Mayor, Col. Berret, received in large numbers; and one of the pleasantest incidents of the day was a visit from a large number of the public school children, who were introduced to his Honor by Dr. Ironside, of the Board of Trustees.

Senator Crittenden stays at the National, and Mrs. Crittenden received in her parlor, with that majestic ease and grace which has for so many years won for her by common consent the ruling sceptre of elegant, fashionable life in this city. Senator Kennedy, of Maryland, brother of the novelist and ex-Secretary of the Navy, John P. Kennedy, of "Swallow-barn" and "Horse-shoe Robinson" fame, held his house in Sixth street at the service of his friends. All the Secretaries received, but with more or less formality.

Of the numerous private citizens who held "high festival," I may mention James C. McGuire, Esq., who is well known in certain literary and artistic circles in New York. Having made a fine fortune, he spends it as a man of fortune should, in encouraging the elegancies of civilized life. He has a good collection of paintings, and has just added to his gallery a library of equal dimensions, with a recreation appendage in the shape of one of Phelan's billiard tables, so that when any of his numerous guests get drowsy over the books, he can quote Shakespeare and say, "Let's to billiards."

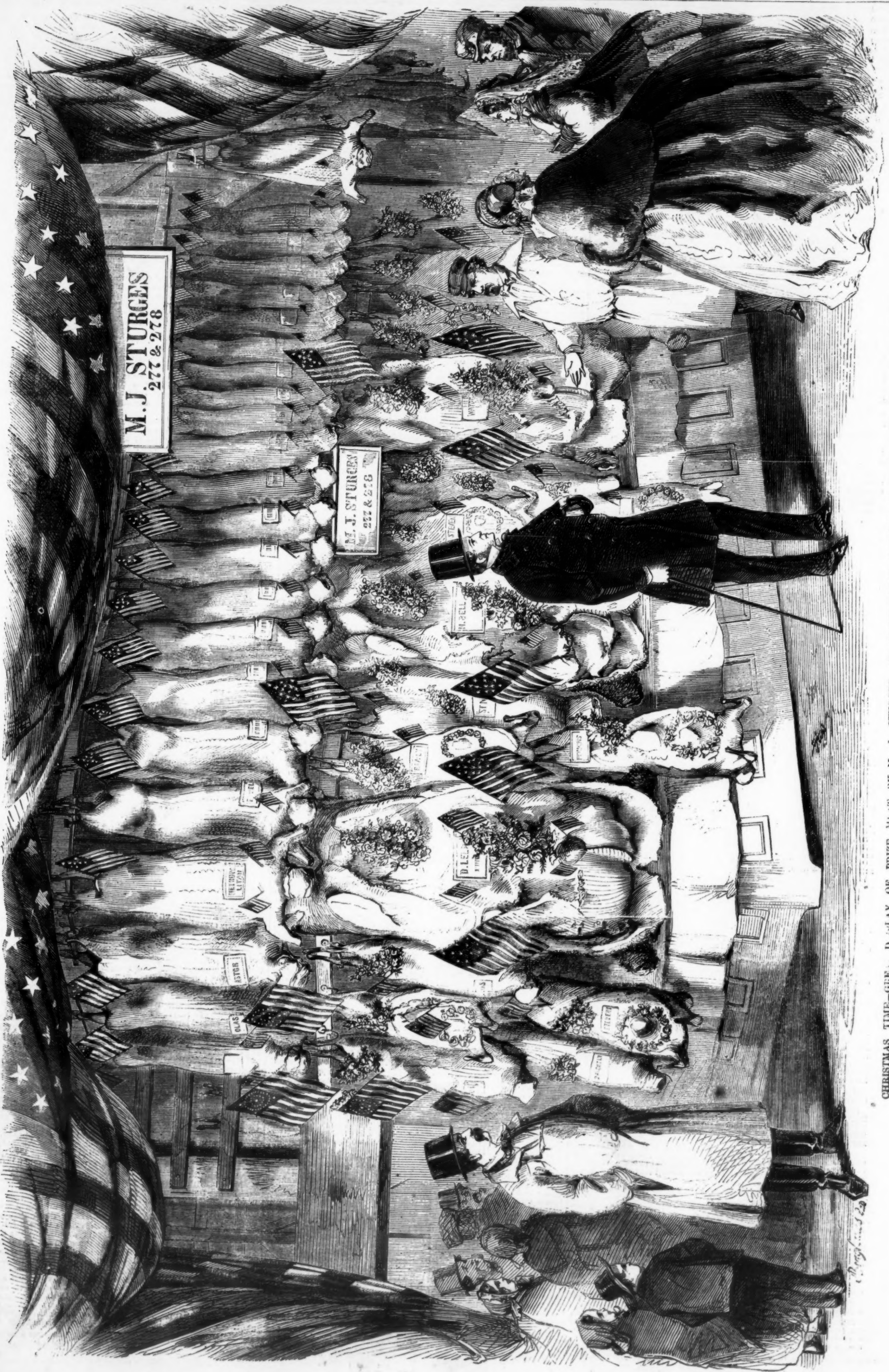
If Congress were once organized the "season" would fairly set in. An commencement—not in the college sense, which means an end—but a beginning has been made within the week past. The Secretary of State has given a reception and dinner. It is a peculiarity of General Cass—probably that which has kept him in such good health and in the possession of such clear faculties—that he does not preside at his dinners. On this occasion his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Ledyard, did the honors. The dinner was chiefly official. There were present the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Toucey; Associate Judges of the Supreme Bench, McLean, Wayne, Catron, Nelson, Grier and Clifford; Senators Crittenden and Powell, of Kentucky; General Cushing, ex-Artillery General; Colonel Selden, Marshal of the District; J. D. Hoover, Esq., ex-Marshal; District Attorney Robert Ould; Judge Loring, of the Court of Claims, and a few others.

On the succeeding evening one of those feasts of reason took place which can rarely be gotten up out of this good town. It was not of an official nature, but was mainly composed of residents, with a few scattering from New York and Arkansas. The occasion was the reception here of a Christmas dinner from a distinguished Virginian in the service of Uncle Sam abroad; one, as some one says, "in whom two continents proclaim the gallant gentleman."

It was sent to some cherished friends here, and consisted of English mutton, so much talked of, and pheasants. Good idea! and well carried out—both the mutton and the idea.

The rumors as to the probability of organizing the House are so various, that little reliance is to be placed on any. An organization can be effected at any moment, if a sufficient number of members on any side will vacate the hall during a ballot, and not stubbornly hold out against each other, when nothing but disgrace is to be gained by it. It seems rational that the Republicans, having the party majority, should be gratified with the responsibility which they seem determined none others shall accept. The speech of the week was that made by Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, on last Thursday. You will remember that his reputation was rather weakened by his tilt with Nelson, of Tennessee. He completely retrieved himself in a Union speech, which, coming from one whom the *Herald* is in the habit of claiming as a fire-eating disunionist, has greatly advanced him in the eyes of politicians. The ultra men, like Curry of Alabama, and Crawford of Georgia, think Pryor should be repelled to by some one on their side. Pryor has made a hit.

So we had no duel after all, and your artists, like the expected principals, got no chance to be on the ground. The weather is dreadful cold, and your cold weather is a Christian chastener. Mr. Graw's Christianity is widely spoken of as being as fireproof as a salamandersafe. Of course Mr. Branch will bother no more about the matter after laying it before the public. There is much argument pro and con as to who is right and who is wrong, those who think Grow right using that as an excuse for his not fighting, while Branch's friends think his being right is the very reason why he ought to fight. After all it is more pleasant to the friends of both that the gentlemen should fight and live or die in the papers.



CHRISTMAS TIME-GREEN. DISPLAY OF PRIZE MEAT BY M. J. STURGES, IN WASHINGTON MARKET, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



THE MOUNTAIN RANGERS, CAPT. ASHBY COMMANDING, SCOURING THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF CHARLESTOWN, VA., IN SEARCH OF SPIES, DURING THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION EXCITEMENT.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

CHRISTMAS TIME.—OUR MARKETS. GREAT SHOW OF MEAT.

For the last few weeks our markets have been a sight worth seeing. In every department of daily food there has been a profuse display on the various stalls and stands of a quality so excellent, that we doubt if it could be excelled in any part of the world. It used to be pretty generally conceded that our beef and mutton were very far inferior to these articles in England. The beef there was of a finer grain, a richer quality, in short, a primer article in every respect than that produced in this country. The same was said in regard to the mutton—indeed that meat was said to be altogether unapproachable.

During the last twenty years, however, a very marked change has been in progress. Greater care has been taken in the raising of cattle; science has afforded her aid, experience has suggested a better mode of breeding, and added to all this the finest foreign stock has been constantly and steadily imported for the purpose of improving and elevating the character of our native breeds. This judicious action has been gradually raising our standard, until at the present moment, we believe that no finer meat can be found in the world that is constantly exposed for sale in the public and private markets of this city.

We were more than ever impressed with this fact during a recent tour which we took through Washington market. The display of choice meat which we saw would make the most fastidious epicure smack his lips until his mouth watered again. Each stall vied with the other in the quantity, quality and artistic arrangement of its stock, and hundreds of lookers-on, like ourselves, swelled up the crowd which thronged every possible space in the market. We passed from one to another, marking the idiosyncracies of the owners in their various ways of arranging their attractive but unwieldy stock in trade. One stall in particular engaged our attention, so really splendid were the various meats displayed there. It was a picture so peculiar in itself that we had it sketched, and we present it this week to our readers.

The stall or rather stalls, for there are two, Nos. 277 and 278, are owned by Mr. M. J. Sturges, who has occupied the same spot for over ten years. His is not a retail business. He sells wholesale or by the carcass. Prompted partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to place before our readers such facts that we could obtain in reference to our illustration, we inquired the particulars of that day's sale. These will give some idea of the magnitude of our market business.

Mr. Sturges, as we have stated, sells wholesale, his chief custom being with hotels, restaurants and private families who market largely. We would advise all those who wish good meat to give him a call.

We were furnished with a list of the sales at Mr. Sturges's stalls the day on which we visited the market. They are as follows:

Edward Windust, restaurant—3 sheep, 165 lbs. each.
N. B. Gosling, restaurant—1 sheep, 173 lbs.; 1 lamb, 85 lbs.
Wm. Johnson, butcher, Carmanville—3 sheep, 162 lbs. each.
Oscar Florence—1 sheep, 181 lbs.; 1 lamb, 79 lbs.
Morgan & Horton, New York Market—1 sheep, 165 lbs.
Peter Hoehn—1 calf, 393 lbs.; 1 sheep, 158 lbs.; 1 lamb, 72 lbs.
Dey Street House—2 sheep, 159 lbs. each.
Mr. Berry, 9 Broad street—1 lamb, 98 lbs.
Joseph Wallack, 4 Vesey street—1 calf, 407 lbs.; 1 lamb, 85 lbs.
Gardner Hotel—1 lamb, 72 lbs.
C. Lewis, butcher, corner of Thirty-seventh street and Sixth avenue—4 sheep, 168 lbs. each; 2 lambs, 83 lbs. each.
David E. Crowell, Brooklyn—1 sheep, 147 lbs.
James Johnston, Newark, N. J.—1 sheep, 165 lbs.
Jules Johnson, Fulton Market—2 sheep, 173 lbs. each.
Atlantic Hotel, Hot.oken, N. J.—1 sheep, 197 lbs.
Steamer Jamestown—1 sheep, 170 lbs.
Albert Crook, 195 Washington street—1 calf, 392 lbs.; 1 lamb, 85 lbs.
Stellen & Brothers—1 calf, 338 lbs.; 1 lamb, 77 lbs.
San Francisco House—1 lamb, 92 lbs.
The total amount of the day's sale was \$1,200.
The sheep were raised by John T. Leigh, of Union Farm, Hamilton county, N. J., and by John T. Leigh, of Clinton, N. J.
The lambs were raised by James Sharpe Steen, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
The calves were raised by the Hon. S. Dobbin, of Burlington county. They were three months old, and were raised solely upon milk and meal. The weight of the four calves was 2,372 lbs.

THE MOUNTAIN RANGERS SCOURING THE COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF SPIES, &c.

DURING the necessary detention of our artist in Charlestown, Va., he took many sketches of varied interest. We present one in this number from a sketch made by him at the time. It represents the Mountain Rangers in their expeditions around the late scene of the insurrection. Since the days of Marion there has been no body of men to compare to this devoted band. They are commanded, as is well known, by Captain Ashby, of Mexican fame, who combines in his command the height of military discipline with patriarchal authority. They are composed of the yeomanry of the land, and are devoted to their chief. Our artist saw a member of this gallant band as he was returning from one of these expeditions. He was riding at full speed without any bridle, which he had broken in his gallop. He really seemed as though he were a part of the noble creature he rode. Should the necessities of the republic require it, these men would earn a fame equal to that of any military band.

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.
Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

THE intelligence that in three days she was to become the wife of her cousin Kaled, aroused all the slumbering energy of Milly's nature, startled her from the state of dreamy indecision the artful conduct of Sir Aubrey, and the flattering kindness of his pretended sister, had plunged her in. Brief as her intercourse with the householders had been, it had not only created in her young heart a distaste for the half savage life she had hitherto led, but a mysterious yearning for the unknown, the intellectual and beautiful.



As the chaise drove up the avenue of overhanging beech trees, several youthful faces were seen at the windows of the right wing, which was divided into a number of studies for the pupils.

The mind of the simple gipsy girl turned as instinctively towards them, as the sickly leaves of the plant rooted by accident in some dark vault or cavern turn to the one solitary ray of light that penetrates its gloomy abode.

"I can never be the wife of Kaled," she answered, in a tone so calm, but at the same time so resolute, it caused her grandfather to start with surprise, and regard her attentively, for it was the first time she had ever ventured to dispute his authority.

Martha, who was present in the tent, scowled maliciously upon her niece, and doubtless would have indulged in a torrent of invectives, had not a look from her brother restrained her.

"Why not?" he demanded, mildly.

"Because I do not love him."

"Is there any one else you love?"

Milly remained silent.

"Speak freely," said Keelan; "is it Squills, Jinks, Lee or any other young fellow of our tribe?"

The shudder of loathing and disgust which agitated the frame of the poor girl expressed her abhorrence more plainly than the most eloquent denial could have done.

"I'll tell you who it is," exclaimed the gipsy woman, unable longer to control her passion: "it is along of the fine gentleman who spoke soft words to her the other night, and told the silly fool that she was pretty. Milly has listened to the lies of the house-dweller, and they have set her eyes a dreaming. She wants to be a fine madam—wear silks and learn prayers like the house-dwellers, as if they could do her any good. I never learnt any. A Rommany husband and a home in the tents isn't good enough for her. She despises our people, and—"

"Peace," interrupted the old man; "peace."

"If Kaled hadn't set his mind on her," muttered his sister, "it's little I'd care what became of her, for she was always full of strange fancies, and never took to her maternal calling as a true Rommany ought."

"Leave us," said Keelan, thoughtfully.

Martha quitted the tent, casting menacing looks at her niece. The pride of the gipsy woman was offended. It was one of her weaknesses—and she had not many—to consider the Hearnas as good as the Keelans. Most probably they were so; the hangman himself would have been puzzled to decide which claimed precedence in the record of crime. Halters, crossways, in a shield spotted with handcuffs would have been equally proper in the family arms of both.

"So, Milly, you have fallen in love with the house-dweller," observed her grandfather, peering at her from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "Umph! you are not first foolish girl that has played with a viper, and fancied it harmless till she felt its poisoned fang."

"I have not fallen in love with any one," answered the gipsy maiden; "and know how to tell the viper from the harmless snake."

"On the hedge-bank, in the field and forest, where they wear their natural skins, like enough," said the old man; "but not in towns and cities, where they are both alike, and have neither spot nor color to distinguish 'em—where even I, with all my experience, might be taken in. What did the flash cove with the soft tongue and eye like the sloc say to you?" he added, suddenly.

"In the tent, grandfather?"

"No; in the wood on the morning he quitted us."

"He told me, as hundreds have done before, that I was beautiful," answered Milly, "inquired how long I had been with the gang—refused to believe I was a true born Rommany, and asked me for the wild rose I had twisted in my hair."

"Refused to believe you were a born Rommany?" repeated Keelan with a sneer; "and you believed him?"

"Not a word of it!" exclaimed Milly with a laugh. "I had been asked the same thing at the races and fairs before."

"It was then he spoke to you of love?"

"Love!" repeated the girl with a sigh, "love to the outcast and the vagrant, whom the children hoot and the constable watches from the parish bounds! Do you take me for a child? Had he tried to deceive me with such a lie I should have hated him."

"And now?"

"I fear him," replied his granddaughter. He has the marks of an evil destiny—I read it in the lines of his face. Martha says that he is doomed to a violent death."

"Martha is a fool," replied the old man impetuously. "His star is a brilliant one—I read it at his birth; but you are right—very right—to fear him. He has crossed your path once; should you meet him a second time, beware of him. There will be the red stain and a death between you."

Milly shuddered at the prediction.

"I am glad," continued the speaker—who, strange to say, implicitly believed every word she uttered—"that the house-dweller has not turned your heart with idle fancies. Once married, you would soon love your cousin Kaled."

"Never, grandfather," answered the maiden; "he treats me as if I were a thing that belonged to him of right, is jealous and suspicious, watches me in my rambles through the green lanes and woods. I begin to hate him."

"Love him or hate him as you will," said Keelan, in a deep low tone, "you must be his wife—my word is given—the tribe expect it. I can't afford to quarrel with my sister and the Hearnas to gratify your folly."

"I'll take the first I see!" exclaimed the girl passionately, "and Martha may bury me, as she did the child of the house-dweller last night, in the dell."

The countenance of the old gipsy became dark and menacing at this imprudent speech, and he raised his hand to strike her, when the entrance to the tent was drawn aside, and Herbert Lacy stepped into the interior.

On recognising the intruder Keelan forgot both his granddaughter and the cause of his anger, his usual cunning and presence of mind seemed to desert him, for he sank cowering down upon the chest like one who had received a sudden blow.

So great was his agitation he did not perceive the departure of Milly, who glided like a spirit through the aperture, and escaped.

"What evil star brings you to the gipsy's tent?" he demanded, with a vain attempt to appear firm.

"I come to inform you," replied his visitor, "that you must quit this part of the country."

"Is Sir Richard Vavasour dead?"

"No."

"Not dead! Then I shan't go," exclaimed the old man with recovered confidence. "I thought you came to tell me that you were the master now. Quit this part of the country," he repeated in an ironical tone, "a likely thing after all these years! Why should I quit it? Who dares drive me away?"

"A hand stronger than mine," said Herbert Lacy, "that has long been suspended over you; and will, doubtless, grasp you at last—the iron hand of justice!"

"I have done nothing—that is, nothing lately," observed the gipsy, "to cause me to fear."

"Call you murder, nothing?" asked the gentleman, calmly.

The countenance of Keelan fell, and he slowly repeated the word. "The body of the child that evil woman, your sister, was seen to bury last night in the dell, has been removed," added his visitor.

"Seen by you?"

"No."

"Removed, then?"

"Neither seen nor removed by me," replied Herbert Lacy emphatically; "but by one whom you cannot silence. An inquiry has already been commenced. To-morrow the result will be known, and a prison open to receive you, unless popular indignation should anticipate the decision of justice, and take the punishment of your crime into its own hands. I have performed my part of the compact. You are warned of your peril. Farewell."

Without waiting his reply, or casting a second look upon the guilty wretch, the speaker quitted his abode.

As he passed the encampment, he encountered the youth Kaled, who, with his clothes torn and his hands severely lacerated, as if by the bite of some ferocious animal, came running towards the tents.

"Another crime!" mentally ejaculated the gentleman. "When will the career of the accursed race be ended?"

And, without waiting to ascertain the cause of the gipsy's disordered appearance, he hurried on towards the hall.

There are few natures so violent or brutal, but one slender link of the golden chain that binds them to humanity remains unbroken. With Martha, affection for her son was that connecting tie; she loved him as the she-wolf loves her cub, and in the moment of danger would have defended him as fiercely.

"What has happened?" she demanded, the instant she saw him.

"Milly has fled with the house-dweller," he groaned—"fled from the tents and her people; lost to me, mother—lost to me for ever!"

The swarthy features of the gipsy harridan changed to a livid paleness.

"Fled with him?" she muttered.

"No, with the fine lady who for the last ten days has been skulking about the camp."

"With a woman?" exclaimed Martha, breaking into a scornful laugh; "and you witnessed her flight, and come, like a beaten hound, whining and whimpering to your old mother, instead of preventing it. There must have been a bad cross in your father's breed," she added; "none on my side were ever cowards."

"I am no coward!" muttered Kaled sullenly.

"Why did you not drag her by the hair of her head back to the tents?" replied the virago angrily.

"I did try it," answered her son, "and should have prevented her escape but for the infernal juke. I had enough to do to keep his fangs from my throat—see how he has torn my hands. Whilst fighting with Snap, Milly, and that she-devil who tempted her, escaped. But I'll follow them," he added, "if I tramp the country from one end to the other."

"That's right," said Martha, approvingly.

"They took the road to Lincoln," continued Kaled. "I watched the chaise till I could see it no longer."

His mother's first care was to bathe his hands with a balsam that spread a rich fragrance through the air. That done she bade him retire to his own tent, dress himself in his best and then return to her.

"If you would only help me," said the disappointed lover, "I might—"

"Never fear, boy," interrupted Martha; "I am a true Rommany chaf, and will stick to you. Blood's thicker than water. The Hearnas are as good as the Keelans any day. We shall see—we shall see."

Kaled, who understood his mother's peculiar way, looked upon this as a promise, and hastened to do her bidding.

The gipsy woman lit her pipe, and squatting upon her heels like a red Indian by his watchfire, began to inhale the weed, whose sedative influence upon her nerves soon became apparent. At first the smoke broke in short, irregular puffs from the blackened tube; gradually they became more regular; till at last each whiff was so justly measured that the variation of the twentieth part of a second could not have been detected between them.

She was in the act of knocking the ashes for the second time from the bowl when her son made his reappearance.

It was singular how the fierce, bloodshot eyes of his mother softened in their expression as they rested on the well-knit limbs of the young savage. His ankle-jacks and breeches—for the future he never intended to mince the word—buttoned tightly at the knees, displayed to advantage the smallness of his joints, whilst the coarse, clean hempen shirt, worn open at the throat, disclosed a muscular neck that might have served as a model for some rustic Hercules.

"Milly must be mad," thought Martha, as she gazed approvingly upon him, "to prefer one of the sickly, pale-faced house-dwellers to a true born Rommany chaf like Kaled," whom she mentally pronounced a varmint to the back bone—to her mode of judging the highest praise that could be bestowed or merited.

"Well, boy," she said, "I aint agoin' to see you flunked of the girl you have set your mind on. Though what you can see in her I can't make out. But fancy is fancy, I suppose. Your father was just as mad for me. He fit Tom Lea three times, and broke your uncle Jack's ribs, afore I could make up my mind to have him. Ah, men were men in those days," she added.

"It wasn't my fault. The juke—"

"I know all about that," interrupted his mother. "So you have really made up your mind to follow Milly?"

"If I tramp it barefoot, and beg my way."

"No need of that," observed his mother, thrusting her hand into the huge pocket which, waking or sleeping, never left her side, and drawing from it a leathern bag filled with money. "Not that cadding is a disgrace, or thieving either," she philosophically added, "when it can be done safely. Only it won't do to risk the beak and the prison ken when the credit of the family is concerned."

"I am not such a fool as to try it," answered her son.

"You need not be too particular," said Martha. "I like a little pluck; it was always in me. There," she continued counting the coins into his palm, "four counters, three bulls, five bobs, and a tanner. The last is for luck. With a quick wit and an oily tongue, enough to make a fortin' with."

"I'll be satisfied if I win a wife with it," exclaimed Kaled eagerly.

"Just like his father," thought the gipsy woman—"just like his father."

"That aint all," she resumed, speaking aloud, "there is a dose of the dri. You may find it useful. You know how to use it."

The youth nodded.

"Have you got your knife?"

He pointed to his side pocket.

"Let me see it."

"Not a bad bit of steel," she said after examining it with a knowing air, "though it is not a Sheffield whittle. Take mine."

Mother and son exchanged weapons and separated, after much advice, no doubt as far as worldly cunning and admirable experience went, from the former to the latter.

"Don't let the house-dweller triumph over the Rommany," she exclaimed, as they stood at the verge of the encampment. "Be constant as the sleuth-hound, patient as the ant, and subtle as the serpent! When you meet Milly," she added, in a whisper, "a speedy marriage, and a safe return to the tents of your people."

The eyes of Kaled flashed brightly at her words. He fully understood her counsel.

Martha's farewell terminated in the performance of an old ceremony—once common, and still peculiar, we believe, to the gipsy race. Commencing at the east, she walked thrice round the person of her son, singing a low, monotonous chant. At its termination, the disappointed lover of our heroine, without uttering a word, started on his way.

"The luck of the Rommany rye go with him," muttered his mother, "and the curse of our tribe on all who cross his path!"

"May their steps be still in sorrow;

May their dark day know no morrow;

Death shrieks of those they hold most dear

Fall upon their listening ear;

May their brief light of gladness pass

Like vapor's breath upon a glass;

Accursed, unblessed, despairing die,

Who wrong the wandering Rommany."

Having relieved her maternal feelings by pronouncing a malediction upon the enemies, real or imaginary, of her son, the gipsy woman directed her steps to the tent of Keelan, whom she found preparing for his departure.

"I thought what would come of it," she began in that peculiar tone which indicates the satisfactory conviction of the speaker's superiority. "I always told you you were too indulgent to your grandchild, and now my words prove true. Milly has fled with the fine lady house-dweller from her people."

"Bad," said the old man shaking his head; "bad when the daughter of the Rommany forsakes the ways of her fathers. I never knew good come of it. It forebodes danger."

"Pshaw!" replied his sister, "Kaled will soon return with her."

"To find the tents struck, and the place where our fires have been lit securely for so many years abandoned," observed Keelan.

"What mean you?"

"That you have lost your usual cunning," replied her brother.

"The eyes of the cove saw you dig the grave of the brat. The body has been removed, and justice will soon be down upon us."

To this startling intelligence Martha replied, with an oath we dare not sully our pages by repeating, that it was time for her to be off.

"My preparations are soon made," she added; "the gang will take charge of my tent and traps, whilst I tramp it ahead. But where do you propose to remove to?"

"To our old haunt near Kotswood," answered the gipsy. "You remember it? It is hard upon the coast. If the pursuit should become hot, we may easily find means of passing into Holland in one of the fishing-smacks or smugglers' boats."

"Good," said Martha, who, in moments of danger, was chary of her words, but resolute and decided, "I know the spot. In eight days you will find me there, unless the beaks should lay me by the heels in the prison ken."

With these words she quitted the tent.

By the following morning the entire encampment had disappeared, and not a trace remained to indicate the route the gipsies had taken.

The pretended sister of Sir Aubrey, having secured her prey, lost not an instant in conveying her to the retreat her employer had provided for her reception at Richmond—a rustic cottage on the banks of the Thames, with the garden sloping to the river. She

only remained with her in town sufficient time to procure such change of dress as would prevent the servants from suspecting the real condition of Milly.

For several days the poor girl appeared restless and alarmed at the step she had taken. Familiar intercourse with Mrs. Hanway had somewhat lessened the exalted opinion she had formed of her morality and goodness. Nature had armed the gipsy maiden, as it arms the birds, with instinct to know their enemies, and she began to shrink from her insidious caresses, fine speeches and specious promises. At the end of the week the baronet made his appearance. Milly who, like the rest of her people, was superstitious, considered it an excellent omen that the old dog who had accompanied her this time did not growl at him.

She had a childlike faith in the discernment of Snap.

Sir Aubrey Fairclough was not one of those common-place libertines who care not how sensual is the cup pleasure offers to their lips. On the contrary, there was a certain degree of refinement even in his vices. The beauty of Milly had fascinated him—but it was not beauty alone that he worshipped; mind possessed for him an almost equal attraction. He had detected the germs of no ordinary intellect—indications of passion and feeling in the simple gipsy girl; and he resolved to cultivate the flower before he culled it.

To make her madly, devotedly in love with him was the triumph he sought to achieve, and he labored assiduously at the task he had set himself.

Day after day he repeated his visits, devoting hours to the development of the intelligence of his victim. Experienced as he was, the quickness with which Milly received the instructions he labored to convey startled him. She seemed to divine his lessons by intuition. If the teacher was eloquent, the pupil was equally apt.

As yet, so carefully had he guarded his feelings, the baronet had never once urged his unholy passion. The subtle poison was conveyed in the form of poetry and music. Sir Aubrey both sang and recited with exquisite taste, and his victim would sit for hours at his feet, listening to words that caused her young heart to beat, her dark, flashing eyes to lose their lustre, and become soft and dreamy.

The libertine rejoiced at her enthusiasm, and fancied the hour of his triumph was drawing near. When at last he spoke to her of his love the frankness of her reply startled him.

"Make me your wife," she said. "Wed me as the house-dwellers wed, and I am yours. It is needless to confess my passion; you know its depth, its strength and tenderness, better than my ignorant words can express them. But you must marry me," she added, "it is necessary for your own safety."

"And why so?" demanded Sir Aubrey with a smile.

"Because I should kill you," answered Milly, calmly, "if you left me for another."

It was long before the heartless *roué* succeeded in blinding the naturally clear judgment of his victim, by persuading her that the ceremony she spoke of was a mere idle form; and when he did succeed it was her love for him, not her reason, that he convinced.

Angels might have wept over the fall of Milly Moyne.

CHAPTER XII.

THE system pursued by Major Henderson was directed not only to the mental but physical culture of his pupils. According to his ideas, out-door games and many sports of every kind were as essentially branches of education as history, the classics or mathematics. It was no wonder that the boys looked up to him as to a father, for the old soldier not only shared their amusements but suggested them; and when absent, his factotum and confidential servant, Peter Marl, supplied his place.

Peter, as we observed in one of our preceding chapters, was a character in his way. If we remember rightly, we promised to describe him somewhat more particularly to our readers.

Like most men who have served for any lengthened period, the ex-corporal had a great respect for the army; in fact, he looked upon it as the only profession fit for a gentleman. "Parsons and doctors," he used to argue, "were all very well in their way; they administered to the wants of a country, but soldiers were the instruments of its glory." He never heard the illustrious commander he had served under named, without bringing his hand to his bald forehead just as he had saluted him in *Portugal* and Spain.

It was in vain that the elder boys, who loved to trot the old man's peculiarities, tried to correct him in his pronunciation of the name of the former country. As he gravely observed, it had always been called *Portugal* in his day, and men who had been and fought there for the honor of England must know best, and if they didn't they ought.

He was a tall, thin, wiry fellow, straight as a ramrod. Wonderfully active, considering his years and a wound he received at Waterloo, which at the approach of rain or any sudden change in the weather caused him to limp slightly, Peter had but one weakness—an intense hatred of the French, and to such an extent did he carry the feeling, that on the day Monsieur Dentonville attended at the hall to give lessons he considered himself on guard, watching him narrowly from the moment of his arrival till he had seen him safely out of the house.

At first the harmless little Frenchman was at a loss to comprehend the motive of the somewhat offensive attentions of which he was the object. When fully enlightened upon the subject, he took refuge in his national and professional dignity. It was no longer *mon brave, mon vieux*, but Monsieur Pierre.

This insult, as he considered it, proved an insurmountable barrier to Peter's ever getting over the unreasonable prejudice he entertained against him—in fact, it required all the major's authority to keep his indignation within lawful limits.

"Monsieur" to a corporal of the Forty-second! He could believe anything of a Frenchman, he said, after that.

Although Peter was constantly with the pupils, they looked upon him in the light of an ally, rather than a spy, upon their proceedings. In all cases of difficulty they consulted him; and many and varied were the schemes the old fellow joined in.

For several months Oliver Brandreth and Phil had been inmates of Carwell Hall, and the time had passed pleasantly enough with both of them. They were excellent friends with their schoolfellows, and high in opinion with the major, whose vigilance for the safety of the young creole never for an instant relaxed. The most trifling circumstances connected with him were reported.

"What were the boys laughing about so heartily this morning, Peter?" inquired Major Henderson as the corporal entered the library to make his usual report.

"Only a dream of Master Blandford's, your honor."

"A dream?"

"Yes, it's down in the report."

"Read it."

"The young gentlemen late last night were startled by Master Blandford starting up in his bed and screaming for assistance. He said that he had seen the face of a man peeping in at the window of his chamber."

"And you consider it a dream?" observed his master.

"I hardly know what to make of it," replied the old soldier.

"The boy was sadly timorous when he first came here, till Mr Brandreth knocked a little pluck into him. Now, Mr Brandreth says it must have been a dream, and he aint no fool. Besides, your honor, the window is thirty feet from the ground."

"Did the moon shine last night?" demanded the major, musingly.

"As brightly as it did at—"

"Yes, yes, I recollect all that," interrupted the gentleman, who feared one of Peter's interminable stories. "I am glad you have told me of this. Where Philip Blandford is concerned trifles become important. When the young gentlemen are in their studies return. I wish you to accompany me through the grounds."

The corporal saluted and backed out of the library.

At the appointed hour he made his reappearance and both issued from the house. For several minutes they stood in the gravelled walk, directly opposite the window of Phil's bed-room, the major mentally calculating its distance.

It was at least thirty feet from the ground.

"No spy from the enemy could have reached that," said the old soldier.

"Unless by a ladder," drily observed his master. "Now follow me to the tool-house."

The building so named was a tower which had formerly formed some part of the abbatical pile. Rakes, spades, poles for gymnastic exercises, and all the miscellaneous odds and ends of a country establishment had been gathered there, and, among other things, several ladders.

The major examined the longest one attentively. The feet were covered with fresh mould.

"Exactly the same soil," he observed, "as the bed under Philip Blandford's window."

Peter mentally resolved to get his musket in order.

From the tool-house they repaired once more to the garden; the flower bed appeared to have been freshly raked over. Circumstances looked suspicious, and yet it was hardly probable, they thought, that any one who had used the ladder for such a purpose, would have remained to rake over the earth after an alarm had been given.

The conjecture proved a correct one. It was Oliver Brandreth who had done it, in order to quiet the apprehensions of Phil; not that he himself intended to indulge in a state of false security, he had a plan of his own, which, with the assistance of his young companions, he intended to carry out, and only apprise the major of it when he announced his success.

He was not the first who has gone out to shear and returned shorn.

No sooner were the boys acquainted with the treatment Philip Blandford had received at the hands of Mr. Danby, than a strong feeling of sympathy manifested itself in his favor. The consequence was, that although every one agreed to treat his alarm as the effect of a dream, they one and all were on the look-out to find some clue to the means by which the intruder had obtained admission to the garden—no very easy task, seeing that it was surrounded by high walls, and the iron gates were regularly locked every night.

Jodrel was the first to notice that one of the coping stones on that portion of the wall skirting the meadow had fallen, and he immediately imparted the discovery to the rest. It was then that Oliver proposed his scheme to catch the intruder.

The means were simple and such as would suggest themselves to a number of schoolboys bent upon frolic rather than mischief.

He had noticed in the tool-house what, in our younger days, was designated a humane man-trap—the difference consisted in the engine being deprived of those terrible teeth which, in ordinary ones, either crush or fearfully mangle the leg of the victim.

To their youthful imaginations there was something delicious in the mystery with which they stole out of the house, shortly after midnight, to set it at the foot of the wall, just where the intruder must have dropped. How stealthily they crept back again, and hurried to their beds; but not to sleep—the excitement was too great for that.

Never had the hours appeared to drag so heavily. The conspirators believed that by some unaccountable caprice of nature, the night had been unnaturally prolonged, and morning retarded. It dawned, however, at last, and our hero, followed by Howard and Vorles, hastily descended to the garden.

There are few of us—most boys have been poachers in their time—but can remember the satisfaction with which we snared our first hare or rabbit; but the feeling must have been dull, poor and insipid, compared with the frantic joy of the three lads on discovering that they had caught a man—a real, living man—a sturdy-looking fellow, respectfully dressed in a shooting jacket, leggings and fur cap.

There was something exceedingly sinister in the expression of his countenance when he saw the boys approach.

To their simultaneous questions of what brought him there, his name, and the motive of his coming, the fellow maintained a dogged silence.

"Let us take him to the major," said Oliver; "he will make him speak."

The proposal was carried by acclamation.

"Not to the major, dear kind, young gentlemen," exclaimed the man in a very humble tone of voice, which still further increased their confidence; "let me go. I have a wife and children."

"It can't be want that made you a thief," observed Jodrel, "you are too well dressed for that."

"I ain't a thief," replied the prisoner, submissively.

"What brought you here, then," replied Oliver Brandreth, turning sharply round on him. "But I need not ask you; I know who set you on, and the object of your visit. Hold him tightly," he added.

Howard and Vorles each seized upon the prisoner by the collar of his jacket, whilst the speaker stooped down to unlock the trap.

The instant the bars which confined his leg separated, the man shook off his two guards with a vigor that sent them sprawling upon the grass, upset Oliver by a kick which brought the tears into his eyes, applied as it was to a part where honor and feeling are supposed to be equally sensitive, and then, bounding over the wall, disappeared from their sight.

For several instants the boys sat gazing first at the empty trap and then at each other.

Oliver, who felt that he had not conducted the affair with his usual skill, was the first to speak.

"Won't the major laugh at us?" he exclaimed.

"What will I ever say," observed his companions.

Although deeply sensible of the ridicule that threatened them, not one of the three either thought or wished to suppress the truth, but hastened to the house to disclose it at once to their tutor.

Poor Oliver, it was observed, walked rather uneasily.

"I am glad you have confessed it to me," said Major Henderson, who could scarcely repress a smile at each rueful visage. "I know the danger and shall take my measures accordingly. I would I had seen the fellow's face," he added.

"I saw it, sir," replied our hero, "and shall not easily forget it. Though years should elapse before I see him, I shall still be able to swear to him again."

(To be continued.)

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John.

Author of "Quadronea," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE delight of Cecile de Vaux at finding herself mistress at last of a house of her own was something intangible. Nurtured in misery, she had gone through every degree of destitution. The stage had at first been to her a mere means of existence. As soon as she grew to womanhood, and became the petted favorite of the public, there was, of course, a material change in her position, but not so great as that of her fellows, she refusing at once and peremptorily to imitate them in their ex-theatrical career.

She declined with indignation the evil counsels of her companions, who wished her to make her marvellous beauty the means of bringing rich lovers to her feet. She rejected every such offer with utter scorn.

Cecile de Vaux had a heart, but she had also a head, which enabled her to see by what a dissolute and debauched class she was surrounded.

But there were within her many of the seeds of her evil education. She considered man fair prey, and she had willingly accepted the many presents showered at her feet. She had even done worse, but this we shall not further allude to at present.

After enduring all she had endured, and living, as it were, within a pale of outcasts, it seemed to her perfect splendor to enter into possession of a house like that which now called her mistress.

In the first place, she went from room to room mentally fixing their respective use, and reflecting how each should be furnished. This should be her boudoir, this her study or painting room.

Cecile had seen too much of human nature to wish her husband to be idle. Nothing feeds true love like healthy occupation. The poor have no time for extra-matrimonial flirtations, while the rich have too much; hence the occurrence of so many scandals in high life.

Cecile resolved then, that, despite his independent fortune, Frank Wilton should have a profession.

When women object to their husbands being fox-hunters, sportsmen, anglers, they commit treason against themselves. The man tied to the conjugal apron must weary.

Cecile went on in this way, from room to room, laying out their destination, until this pleasure was exhausted. She then turned to the garden.

The true Parisienne is passionately fond of flowers. Nowhere is the lady of rank, the bourgeoisie, or the grisette seen to more advantage than in the different flower markets of the capital.

It is pleasant, it is refreshing to see the sparkling eyes with which the poor girl, whose days and nights are spent in toil, takes away the single rose or other flower which, at a great sacrifice from her weekly earnings, she has purchased in the market place.

Cecile revelled in bouquets, which often filled her apartments to the exclusion of the healthy atmosphere. To her, then, what was the rapturous pleasure of a garden, well tended, and filled in every part with flowers, odoriferous and beautiful? She bounded up and down its alleys like a school girl out for a holiday.

Happy beings which can find delight in nature, in flowers, in birds, in the mute, faithful beast that follows in our footsteps!

Suddenly she found herself upon a terrace at the end of the garden. A portion of this terrace followed the back of the old house of which the gardener had spoken, the rest was skirted by a wall covered by espaliers supporting a pear tree.

Cecile de Vaux sank upon a bench. To her the situation was one of complete happiness. To love and be beloved was to her a dream, the realization of which she scarcely believed possible, and yet it had come.

They were to be married and live in happy tranquillity all the rest of their lives, and this was to be their haven of rest, interspersed with occasional visits to Switzerland, Italy and other places. It was a pleasant vision, and she was happy.

What would life be without illusions? From boyhood to manhood, from manhood to old age we feed upon them, and reality has little to show in comparison.

Cecile fell into a reverie of such delightful dreams as only the warm imagination of a young girl could have created.

She starts to her feet. What evil cry is that? What low and prolonged sob, as of one in agony and tribulation?

Cecile listened with the deepest anxiety and attention. It is beyond the wall.

To climb by means of the espaliers was to the agile *dansereuse* an easy task. In an instant she was on the top of the wall, and there a sight met her gaze which rendered her speechless.

Kneeling on the ground, with her hands clasped above her head, was the one whom she immediately recognized as the rival of her happiness—Florence de Lacy. Her back was half turned, and while she sobbed convulsively her eyes were fixed on vacancy.

Cecile saw it all in a glance. She knew the marquis well enough to be aware of some of his secrets, and this his *jeu de maistrise* was scarcely one. Florence, her rival, was then in the power of this man. There was no further danger of her rivalry. It was not her fault if she had allowed herself to be entrapped, and, besides, what could she do? Did she call out and offer her assistance Florence would recognize her at once, and turn from her with abhorrence. She would then retire and leave her to her fate.

Slowly she descended from the wall, and gained the terrace.

Then came over her the sensation that she had abandoned a young and lovely fellow-creature to a horrible and fearful fate, to which death were preferable. She determined to return and assist her.

With this view she went back to the house, and took her pistols. With them she felt a match for any man.

In the garden was a long, light ladder, which she carried to the terrace, and thus gained the top of the wall unperceived.

She had paused to give directions to the gardener, and to fortify herself with a glass of wine. When she returned to the terrace it was growing dusk.

When once on the top of the wall she peered into the room, but no Florence was visible.

The distance between the wall and the window was a dozen feet, and there was no possible means of gaining the window save by a bridge.

The ladder was to be Cecile's bridge. She drew it up after her, and then, by perfectly superhuman exertions, succeeded in making one end reach the window-sill. It just reached, but a more unstable bridge could not well be conceived.

Cecile had bethought herself of this, and by means of a piece of twine made it tolerably secure. She then began the descent.

The ladder shook as she proceeded, but she reached the other end without accident.

The movement was wide open, and though Cecile had necessarily made some noise, all was still in the chamber.

The *dansereuse* dropped lightly into the room and looked around. The arm-chair soon attracted her attention.

There lay Florence, fast asleep. Weary with sobbing and repining, she had fallen off into a deep slumber.

"How beautiful!" murmured Cecile, as she gazed at her, the rays of declining evening falling upon her through another window.

She sighed deeply as this reflection passed through her mind.

"How innocent!"

A slight shudder passed through her frame as those words escaped her lips.

"Have I any right to part with her?" she continued. "If he still loves her, and she loves him, what am I?"

She seated herself in a low chair close to Florence, so that her hot breath streamed on her very face.

Florence turned away, as if in her sleep she felt repelled from her rival by some extraordinary instinct.

Cecile frowned darkly.

Love is sometimes a fearful thing. Where a woman has given up her whole soul to one man, any one who shall come between her and the choice of her heart must expect no mercy. A rival is regarded with a pitiless eye.

"She speaks!" hissed Cecile between her teeth, "and I do not understand her language."

But she bent her ear to her very lips.

"Ah!" she muttered, while her eyes flashed and her cheeks were suffused by a cold and deadly pallor, "she loves him still."

"Frank, Frank!" had faintly whispered the sleeping girl, "why have you deserted me?"

Cecile de Vaux convulsively clutched one of her pistols, and then, with a bitter smile upon her face, rose.

"I must kill her!" she said, aloud; "yes, kill her, kill her! She loves him still. But this pistol would alarm the neighborhood. Some other means must be found. When he hears of her escape he will return to her, and I shall be left alone. She must die. No one will ever know it. I can leave the house as stealthily as I came. It shall be done."

She looked around her for an instrument of death.

The gloom of the chamber, the sleeping girl, the other standing dark and passionless, would have pleased Salvator.

Cecile went slowly to the window. A cool breeze fanned her brow, a breath of summer flowers came full upon her, and the charm was broken.

"He would hate me! I know it. Is it not enough that he is mine by every vow which man can make, without this? Poor girl! it is sorrow enough to lose her lover. If I should wake her and induce her to escape. It would be useless; she suspects me. She would turn from me with scorn. I could not bear it."

She sat down again upon the seat, and wrapped herself in the curtains so completely as to be wholly concealed if even Florence de Lacy should wake.

For some time she remained in a listening attitude, but no sound came. Then, as if lulled to sleep by the beating of her own heart, she too slumbered.

Suddenly she started, as the remembrance of Frank Wilton crossed her mind.

At the same instant a door grated on its hinges, and the marquis entered, with a lamp in his hand.

Then it was, after the brief colloquy with Florence, that the supposed French nobleman was startled by the sarcastic tones of Cecile de Vaux's voice.

He looked up, and saw her standing before him, pistol in hand.

"Cecile!"

"Yes, sir, fortunately for this lady."

"What means this farce? By what trickery have you succeeded in invading my house?" cried the marquis, choked with passion.

"To save and protect this innocent girl from your pollution!" said Cecile, sternly.

"I ask no protection," put in Florence, coldly; "besides, is not this some strange trickery? I believe I recognize in madame one who should be ashamed to appear in my presence, at all events."

"Madame," said Cecile, with profound humility, "I should never have ventured to intrude upon your presence but for an accident. From my garden yesterday I heard a woman moaning. With great difficulty I succeeded in scaling your wall, and recognized you. I at once guessed that you had fallen into the hands of the notorious Marquis de Longchamps, alias Thomas Burke; and as soon as you fell asleep I climbed in here. Now, lady, the road is open. If you can climb by your ladder, I will hold this villain at bay."

She levelled her pistol at him.

"This rhodomontade is useless. Miss Florence de Lacy will allow that after spending the better part of a night in my house, and," he added, with a cold sneer, "in the society of madame, marriage would be an act of wisdom."

"Of wisdom!" cried Cecile, sternly; "marriage with a blackleg, a low, red Irishman, who, expelled his native land, has endeavored to conceal his rascality under the cloak of a borrowed title! No, madame; rather perish by your own hand. Give way, man, and let us pass!"

He turned aside, but as he did so rang a bell, which speedily brought the ruffian of the day before and the drunken priest to his assistance.

"They will overpower us," whispered Cecile; "I must wound him."

Florence sank in a chair, and closed her eyes.

Cecile levelled and fired.

When the smoke cleared away the marquis was struggling with Frank Wilton, who had him by the throat.

"Cowardly assassin! villain!" shrieked the infuriated young man, "where is she?"

"Here," said Cecile, quietly.

Frank Wilton released his hold of the marquis, who was wounded in the shoulder, and turned round.

Cecile pointed to Florence.

The young man's countenance, which had exhibited the most frenzied passion, now changed to an expression of the most extraordinary astonishment and surprise.

"Florence!"

"Mr. Wilton," said she, rising with dignity; "remove me hence; this is no place for the niece of Sir Roland de Lacy."

Frank advanced.

"You leave not my house this way," cried the marquis, furiously, while the others awaited his orders.

"You have wounded monsieur the marquis in the arm," said Frank, turning to Cecile; "give me the other pistol."

Cecile gave it.

"Florence, your only chance of escape is the one I will point out. I will keep these ruffians at bay. Cecile, do you lead the way up the ladder. Miss Florence de Lacy will follow you. I will remain here until you have crossed the wall. Go!"

Florence hesitated.

"Either that, or I must shoot this man like a dog," said Frank.

Cecile was already on the ladder, and in another minute was on the wall. Florence, aided by the former, now followed her example.

"You shall pay for this," roared the marquis, whose fury at their botch escaping him knew no bounds.

"When and where you please," said Frank Wilton, coldly, "if you can find any one who will be second to such a ruffian."

"Down with him!" shrieked the marquis, frantic with passion. "I am wounded, and you are afraid!"

"He has got a pistol," said the drunken priest.

The servant advanced.

Frank Wilton cocked his pistol and levelled it at him.

"No, for, monsieur," he said, "if you want him knocked down, knock him down yourself."

The marquis ground his teeth.

Frank Wilton saw that both Florence and Cecile were watching for him at the top of the wall. He leaped on the ladder, and, with an occasional glance over his shoulder, began his ascent.

"Be careful," said Cecile. "Hold on. Madame, save him."

As she spoke the end of the ladder was pushed from off the window-sill, and fell with extreme violence against the wall. Luckily Frank had warning, which enabled him to avoid being thrown off. But he heard the cracking of the cords above, and felt that he must fall a considerable height into the stone yard below. Despite his manly courage, a cold shiver passed through his veins.

"Be cautious, but quick," said the voice of Cecile. "The ladder is safe; we have hold of it."

Frank Wilton's heart beat wildly.

"Quick, quick!" continued Cecile.

"For your life!" burst from the agonized bosom of Florence.

Frank was nearly on the highest round of the ladder, and face to face with the agonised countenances of the only two women he ever loved.

Even in that supreme moment he felt that Cecile was watching him. By a great exertion of strength and agility he also mounted on the wall, and drew the ladder over.

The whole party descended towards the house in silence.

"Mr. Wilton."

"Miss De Lacy."

"I must return to Paris to-night. My friends must be very much alarmed."

"But the danger?"

"There can be no danger."

"Allow me at least to accompany you," said Wilton.

"I thank you, no. What conveyance is there?"

"I came in a hired *fiacre*; it was too dark to drive," replied Frank. "The man is refreshing himself in the yard."

"He can take me back," said Florence, mildly.

Frank walked out of the room, followed by the gardener.

"Madame," said Florence, gently, "we may never meet again. Let me thank you from my soul for your courage and generosity. May—may—may—you—be happy."

"Never," sobbed Cecile, "now that I know what an angel I have robbed him of."

"You have my free permission to be happy, madame. I see that myself and Frank were wholly unsuited. He returns—farewell for ever."

Florence hastily held out her hand, but Cecile pretended not to see it.

"The carriage waits," said Frank Wilton, re-entering the room.

Florence moved away to enter it.

"I shall accompany her on the box. In my cloak she won't know me. I shall soon be back," he whispered.

"Go," said Cecile, who was choking.

In five minutes more the carriage, the horses of which had been well fed and refreshed, was on its way to Paris through the dark and lonesome wood.

They soon arrived in Paris, and at the gates Frank descended, and was moving off, when a window of the carriage was let down.

"Thank you, Mr. Wilton," she said.

"You knew me?"

"Certainly. Good-bye."

"Heaven bless you, Florence," was his hasty reply.

The carriage entered Paris, and he proceeded to find another with which to return to St. Germain.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN Florence reached the Hotel Mirabeau it was past two o'clock, and yet she found Mr. Wilton, who had an alarming fit, surrounded by Jinks, his medical adviser, Dr. Pomeroy and Harcourt. Sir Peter had only just left.

In answer to Florence's ring, pretty Mary Hakewell came to the door. Without much regard to the hour, or the feelings of the invalid, she screamed.

"It's Miss Florence come back," said Jack Jinks, "by jumi!"

"Go see," said Wilton.

Florence came rushing in.

"My dear, dear sir, I hope I have not alarmed you much; but it was not my fault," she cried.

"I expected not, some rascality of that sort of mine."

"No, sir. Thanks to a young lady named Cecile de Vaux and your son, I am in the presence of my friends."

"Young lady named Cecile de Vaux," said Mr. Wilton, angrily.

"Yes, sir," repeated Florence, mildly; "a young lady to whom I am under an eternal obligation. I was abducted to be forced into marriage by Mr. Thomas Burke, alias the Marquis de Longchamps."

"The whippersnapper! the impudent garlic-eating swindler!" roared Wilton.

"I was taken to his house, fastened in a room, made a complete prisoner."

"Sit down, everybody," said Wilton, though fully, "and let us hear your story from beginning to end. This very scandal it was made me suspect Frank—Lieutenant Wilton, I mean."

Jack Jinks and Mary sidled towards the door.

"Sit down, everybody, I said," cried Mr. Wilton. "Miss Florence de Lacy might tell her story on the housetops."

Florence told it briefly at first, but when she came to the scene in which first Cecile and then Frank was introduced, she enlarged at full length. Whenever she could she said a word favorable to them, despite the humphs and hems of the old gentleman.

When she described the two holding the ladder, there was a murmur of applause.

"Phew! should have let him fall and have broken his neck," said Wilton, testily.

"No



VIEW OF THE UNION RAILROAD DEPOT, TROY, N. Y., AFTER THE FALLING OF THE ROOF AND WALLS ON THE NIGHT OF THE 30TH OF DECEMBER, 1859.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARKE & HOLMES, TROY.

FALL OF THE TROY UNION RAILROAD DEPOT.

This railroad depot, which, with the exception of one in Russia, is the largest in the world, was fearfully destroyed on Friday, the 30th December, owing to the falling of the north half of the enormous roof, which was one of Howe's patent truss roofs. At about thirty-five minutes past three in the morning it fell suddenly with a crash which resembled that of an earthquake. The depot is built of brick, and was nearly new, being only completed in 1853. It is four hundred feet long from wall to wall, and has a span of one hundred and fifty feet. The spring of the arch of the roof is thirty feet, while the distance from the top of the arch to the floor is sixty-five feet. This gigantic covering was entirely made of iron, and supported by twenty trusses, nine of which are broken. These trusses were strengthened and supported by lateral iron girders, which swept entirely across the lower part of the roof, forming a continuous stretch of iron of nearly two hundred feet. The immediate cause of

this frightful accident was the contraction of these girders, which were weakened by the heavy masses of snow on the roof. Under these combined influences the girders snapped, leaving no support for the roof. This was a contingency which had been provided for last year by the application of screw nuts, so that the lateral girders were loosened up. We may as well mention here, for the benefit of all parties concerned, that the *Troy Daily Arena* affirms that the Rochester and Buffalo depots are built upon a similar plan.

The entire north wall of the end of the depot is now level with the ground, the great iron pillars and an immense quantity of bricks and building materials of the roof lying in a confused mass. On the east the north half of the wall is completely down, the whole of the north part of the roof having also fallen in completely up to the central tower.

In addition to this wide-spread ruin the east walls of the offices are broken in, altogether forming an accident so gigantic that its

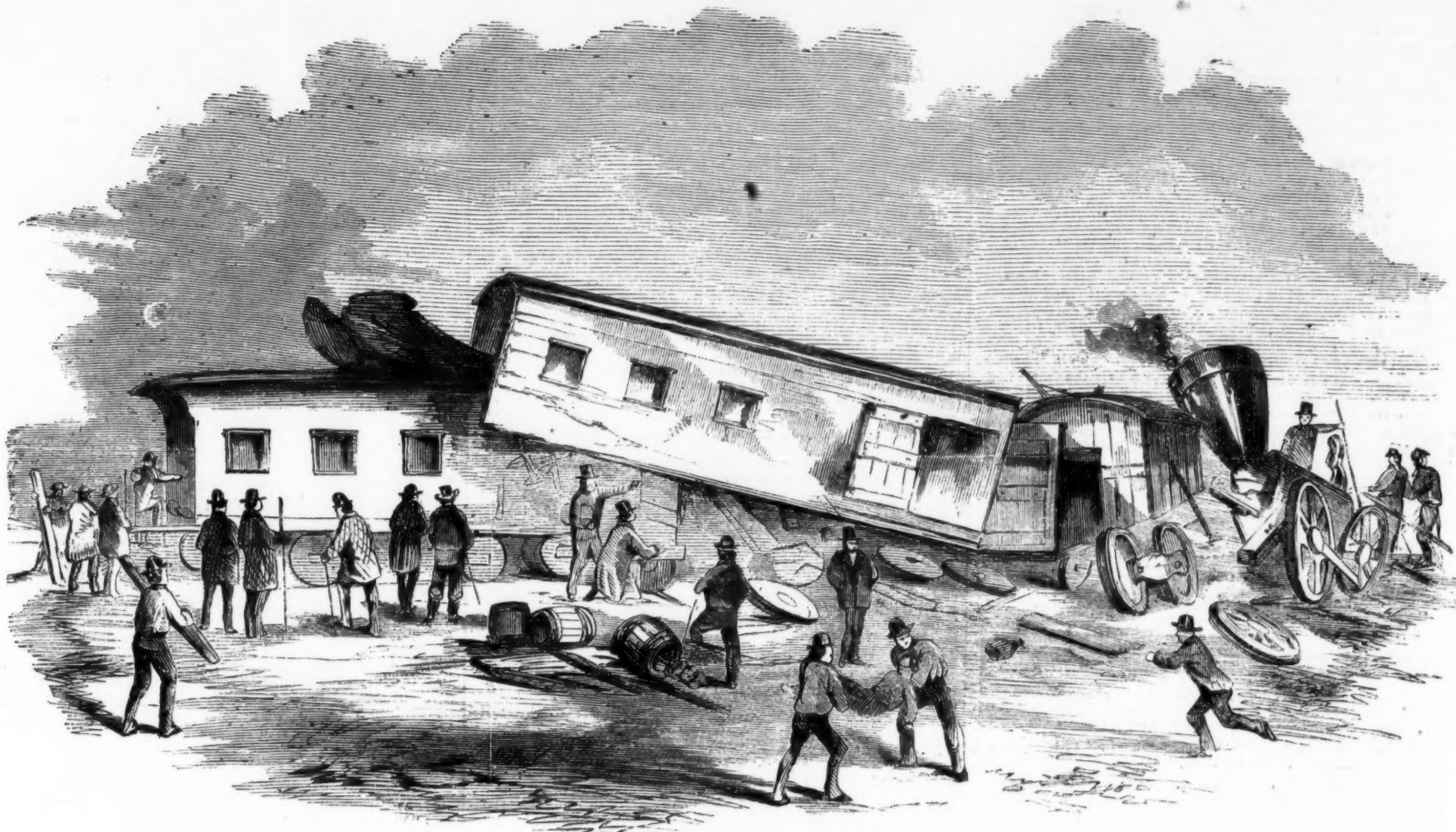
being unaccompanied with loss of life approaches the miraculous. Had it occurred in the daytime the sacrifice of human life would have been appalling. Most providentially even the watchman, Mr. Taplin, was at the other end of the depot at the time of the crash, having left the fatal spot only a short time previous. A family which resided in the tower rooms, as they are called, was considerably scared, but not injured. The damage is estimated at over fifty thousand dollars.

We return thanks to E. Waters, Esq., for his polite attention in corresponding and forwarding sketch of the depot before it fell, and also to Messrs. Clarke & Holmes, of Troy, for their fine photograph of the accident.

JOEL TURRILL, an old and prominent citizen of Oswego, and Consul to the Sandwich Islands under Polk's administration, died on the night of December 27th.



ONE OF BOON SPORTS—THE CALLEDORIAN AND THISTLE CLUBS PLAYING THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL GAME OF CURLING UPON THE FROZEN POND IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 110.



TERRIBLE COLLISION ON THE MACON AND SAVANNAH RAILROAD, GEORGIA, ON THE 24TH OF DECEMBER 1859.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY C. LASALLE, ESQ.



CURIOUS ANCIENT STONE IMAGE FROM CHIRIQUI.—SEE PAGE 110.

It is currently reported that, although the Chinese have ratified the treaty with the United States, they will not allow it to come into operation till they have settled their dispute with England and France.

A Line of Omnibusses has recently been established at Beyrout, the first ever seen in Syria. The Bedouins run from all sides to see them pass, and stand looking after them with astonishment.



CURIOUS ANCIENT STONE IMAGES FROM CHIRIQUI.—SEE PAGE 110.

COLLISION ON THE MACON AND SAVANNAH RAILROAD.

It is our painful duty to record another fatal railroad collision. Scarcely a week passes but a collision, more or less fatal to life, occurs in one or another part of the country. The accident of which we give a sketch, taken on the spot by C. Lasalles, Esq., of Campbell's Minstrels, to whom we tender our thanks, occurred on the Macon and Savannah Railroad, some hundred and seventy miles above Savannah. The collision occurred between a passage train and a freight train, and resulted in one white man being severely wounded, one negro killed and several negroes badly injured. The engines were the Fire Fly and the Connecticut, in charge of James Mulligan and Charles Ferry. Many of the cars were perfect wrecks, and it is a special wonder that more lives were not sacrificed. The verdict will be, of course, no blame attached to any one.

DREADFUL CALAMITY—FIRE IN DIVISION STREET—LOSS OF LEE.

Our city for the few past weeks has been afflicted with the terrible scourge of fire. Morning and night the fire bells are ringing, as many as five or six fires occurring during the brief duration of one day. We had scarcely recovered from the shock of the great fire in Beekman street, which we illustrated last week, by which nearly a million of property was destroyed, when the painful details of the fire in Division street reached us, announcing that six lives had been lost by burning or suffocation.

The building is a four story brick double tenement house, to gain access to which but one central stairway was provided, so that it was certain death to the sleepers above should a fire occur on the lower floor. Two families occupied each floor, while a Mrs. Schlosser, who owned the building, occupied the lower part as a grocery store. It was in this place that the fire commenced.



CALAMITOUS FIRE AT NO. 203 DIVISION STREET, NEW YORK, ON TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3RD—SIX LIVES LOST BY FIRE AND SUFFOCATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

Mrs. Schlosser having to go into the basement, left a lighted camphene lamp on the counter, which, it is supposed, burst and set fire to the store during her temporary absence. The flames spread rapidly, speedily enveloping the whole of the lower floor.

Mrs. Schlosser escaped with her three children without injury, but alas! for the sleepers upstairs! They were aroused only when escape from below was impossible.

On the second floor, family of Charles Feidler, four persons, all escaped by jumping out of the window. Mr. Feidler badly hurt one leg. On the third floor, family of Robert Burns, self, wife and five children; they all escaped to the roof except Emily, a child of five years of age, who was suffocated. Her body was taken to the station-house. Fourth floor, Mrs. Nolan and son; escaped to the roof.

Building No. 203—First floor, occupied as a meat market by J. O. Smith. On the second floor, family of Markus Nathan, consisting of self, wife and five children. Mr. Nathan took two of his children to the roof and told them to remain there. He then returned for his wife and other children, but on entering the room he found they had jumped from the window to the sidewalk. At that moment he heard the two children he had taken to the roof calling for him; they had followed him back into the building and were suffocating with the smoke. He went in search of the children, and was not seen again until his lifeless body and those of his children were taken from the ruins by the firemen. On the third floor, family of Moses Grossman, consisting of six persons; they all escaped to the roof except the boy Leab, aged about four years, who in the darkness and confusion was lost; he was suffocated. On the fourth floor, family of Andrew Cosgrove, six persons in all. They made their escape to the roof. An old woman aged about fifty years, named Mary Dwire, who was stopping with the family, was suffocated. Her body was taken to the station-house.

The deceased were taken to the Seventh Precinct station-house, where Coroner Schirmer held an inquest upon the bodies, and the jury rendered a verdict of "Accidental death."

KNIGHTRIDERS;

OR,

THE HAUNTED MANOR.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIV.—ANNA'S CONSTANCY—THE ATTACK ON THE GIPSY CAMP—WALTER REVE'S LIBERATION.

The inclination at once, when she found that she was free to do so, on the part of Anna to scream and cry aloud for help was strong; and probably Mirza, with her knowledge of human character, saw that such was the case, for her first words were cold and sarcastic.

"You are welcome, Anna Miller," she said. "Call for aid as loudly as you please, and see in what measure it will avail you."

Anna was silent.

"This well," added Mirza. "You are discreet. You know me well, but not so well as I know you, Anna Miller; and it is to tell you what it befits you to know that you are brought to this tent."

"No," said Anna.

"You contradict me—I who can read the stars, and by the vapor of the moon tell of human destinies!"

"I contradicted you, because you spoke falsely. I am not brought here in order that you may give me information, but because I have too much already."

"Of what sort?"

"Of Abel Reve's wickedness!"

"And yet not so wicked. It is to save you that I bring you here. You know something, but not all. Maiden, you are deceived—greatly deceived; and I will save you yet! You think you know that Walter Reve is the descendant of the old lords of Knightriders, and that with Abel he must needs share the estates and properties of the once rich and powerful family. It is not so. They are not brothers!"

"Thank heaven! And yet how can I believe you? Yes, yes! I do, I do! Heaven itself points out the truth! They cannot be brothers—one so full of guilt, the other so innocent!"

"They are not brothers," added Mirza, as if regardless of the words uttered by Anna; "but Abel is the Lord of Knightriders, and will possess it. The other is not what he seems."

"And who—who is—No, I will ask you nothing of Walter; for who shall ever know what he is better than I who know so well his noble heart? It matters not what distinctive name may belong to him; nature has made him one of its own nobles, and he is great!"

"Your father, who is now no more, always shrank from your union with Walter."

"He knew him not."

"That, girl, is true in a sort; and yet it was the wondrous, still small voice of nature that spoke there."

"I do not comprehend you."

"No; it is improbable that you should, Anna Miller. But I will explain all to you. The old Lord of Templemore and Knightriders had two sons. In the midst of all his extravagances he still paid with them such a stipend to those who took the care of them, that when they were both drowned—No, no! I rave! I rave!—when one was drowned—"

"Drowned?"

"Yes—a fearful accident. When one was drowned, it suited those who, I say, had the care of them to substitute another child in its stead. Both the sons of Baron Templemore—the elder brother of the present lord—were dark. I leave you to draw your own conclusion, girl."

"Then you would say that Walter was the substituted child, and not the brother of Abel? Heaven, I thank thee!"

"Stop!"

"No, no; I feel a joy—a new delight!"

"Poor moth!"

"Why do you call me that?"

"Because, in truth, you flutter round a flame that would destroy you. Do you know—can you guess—do you for one moment dream of who Walter may be?"

"I know not! I care not! Be he prince, peer or peasant, he is yet the same to me!"

"Girl, he is not yet the same to you. You will not, perhaps, thank me for exposing the frailties of a parent; but you should thank me for saving you from a sin that would drive your soul to perdition, though twenty thousand angels flung themselves in all their radiant glory in the opposing scale."

A cold shudder came over the heart of Anna, for the voice and manner of Mirza both had something so awfully impressive about them, that, be it true or be it false, she could not but suppose some very awful revelation was at hand.

"What would you say to me?" she said. "I am not conscious of any great sin."

"No, no; but I will tell you. I will make you conscious; and then let the sin rest upon your own head. Your father, before his marriage with your mother, was a father. The tale of sin and of shame need not be repeated; but it was so, and a son had the right to name his father. That son—"

"No, no! Oh, heaven, no!"

"You guess?"

"I do not! I will not! My ears refuse the words you would utter to them! Oh, heaven, save me this! I will not—I cannot believe it!"

The hag made two steps towards her, and caught her by the arm, and half yelled, half screamed in her ear, and yet in a strange, subdued fashion, that made the tones ten times more terrible than as if they had been loud ones.

"I was the nurse of the Vere children. I found an infant to substitute for the drowned second son of the Baron Vere and Templemore. That infant I stole from its nurse. That infant was Walter, and he is the son of your father, although neither knew it. You hear me—you hear me, girl? and now your sin be on your own head! Your brother—half-brother you may call him if you will—lies now in Exeter jail, and calls himself your lover. It is for you to save him, and to save yourself!"

So stunned and bewildered was poor Anna by this awful communication, that for a few seconds it sounded to her like a decree of fate, and she forgot to ask herself if, after all, it were true, or to feel that nothing but the strongest evidence ought to make her give credence to it.

But it was not for long that the naturally firm and logical intellect of Anna was submerged in the mere terror of a statement such as this; she rallied, and looked into the face of Mirza, as she said faintly, "You say this, but you only say it!"

"You doubt it?"

"I do."

"Well, I will tell you all. It lies in your power to save him and to reconcile all interests. Abel Vere, the undoubted Lord of Knightriders, loves you. Be his wife, and we will all see to the safety of your brother Walter, as well as to his fortunes."

"How?"

"Reflect!"

"I will not reflect, for reflection implies doubt, and there are some things about which we should never doubt. Now do I cast from me the whole story you have told as full of wild improbability! I will not believe it!"

"Beware! beware, and carry this sting with you, ever ranking in your heart! It may be true—that is what you will tell yourself. It may be true! You will not be Abel's wife, and you cannot be forced; but you will pay some price for the rescue of your brother. On condition of your solemn oath that you will in no way attempt ever to criminate Abel in the proceedings connected with the accusations against Walter, and that you will make it your earnest and imploring request to him that he will swear to the same line of conduct,

you shall be set free, and he shall suffer no sort of harm, but be shortly rescued from all peril."

"No—no!"

"You will not?"

"I ought not—I feel that I ought not! I will make no terms with guilt. Abel is guilty. A thousand little circumstances now convince me."

"Then girl, you persist in your own obstinacy?"

"It was at this moment that the entrance of the tent was violently shaken, and when Mirza called out in a voice of anger to know who the intruder was, it was Abel Reve, who, from the outside, shouted 'Danger! danger! Flight! flight at once! Strike the tents and let the people disperse! The police are but one mile from the valley, and they come with one who has escaped us, and will work all evil. Strike the tents at once, at once!'"

Mirza dashed aside the opening of her tent, and a rush of cool morning air at once extinguished the light, while the soft, early daylight shone in upon the pale face of Anna.

Abel looked ghastly.

"I know not how or why it is," he exclaimed, "but all goes wrong. We seem like people fighting in the dark, and to slay each other! There is nothing now but flight—flight—flight for all!"

"How is this. Who comes?"

"The police; and riding like a band to overtake them from Exeter, with the boy Joseph on the saddle before him, comes Walter! I saw him!"

A cry of joy burst from the lips of Anna.

"Wretch!" cried Mirza, as she sprang towards her, "do you delight in our affliction?"

"Peace! peace!" said Abel. "Leave her to me. Give your orders to the people."

Mirza strode out of the tent, and in a loud, shrieking voice, uttered some words in the gipsy patois. The effect of those words was instantaneous and great. From the tents rushed forth men, women and children, and such a babel of voices ensued as baffles all description. Tent poles were wrenched down, and in a few moments the whole encampment, which had been so long in the valley, was a scene of confusion incidental to a hasty removal.

Abel Reve stood for an instant close to the entrance of the tent, watching this riot without, and then, turning to Anna, he said, firmly, "Girl, it is you who have been the cause of all this disaster! It is for you to repair it. Do you love life?"

"Life?"

"Yes. If you do, you will save yourself now, by consenting to save me. I will protect and save Walter afterwards, but it is the present danger that must be seen to. When the officers of police reach this place, you must say that you have received from Walter this letter."

"And what?"

"It is short and simple. It absolves me from all, and admits that he is the highwayman of the Ferry's End. Let it have its effect to take him back to Exeter, and before he is two miles on his way, he will be rescued by my adherents. I then will leave both you and him, and within twenty-four hours you may proclaim his innocence, for I shall be in safety with all the tribe."

"I cannot—I will not!"

"Then take your last look at the green world and the sunshine, which, even now, is blinking on the topmost windows of Knightriders; for as I am a living man, I will kill you!"

"Mercy! Oh, no—no! I cannot do as you would have me! I am so young to die! Abel! you—even you—cannot kill me!"

"Do you hear?"

"What—oh, what?"

"Do you hear?"

"I hear the distant tramp of horses' feet."

"Nothing more?"

Tremblingly the young girl listened, and she then heard the sound of hasty digging in the earth close to the back of the tent.

"What is it?" she said faintly.

"A grave—your grave! We have borrowed something from our brethren in India. The gipsies of Europe make common cause, when they find foes, with the Indian Thug. Do you hear?"

"Oh, heaven save me—heaven save me!"

A shadow, as of some one about to enter the tent, appeared at the opening in front of it, and for one instant the eyes of Abel Reve were withdrawn from Anna. On the floor lay a very efficient weapon in the hands of a man, but one that a woman's fingers would be more familiar with—a pair of scissors. It was with an instinct rather than from reflection, that Anna caught them up, and at one effort made a long straight rent in the rotten canvas of the tent, opposite to where Abel was standing, and with a rush fled through it into the open air.

Abel uttered a shout of savage rage, and at first he seemed to have the idea of following her through the opening she had herself made in the tent; but he changed that intention, and made his way out by the regular entrance. It was the hesitation of that moment that gave Anna a little advantage.

When she sprang out of the tent she was in truth in the midst of the gipsies, but so sudden was her movement that no one thought of arresting her progress, and as Mirza's tent was rather on the outskirts of the encampment, Anna was past two or three others, and beyond actual arm's reach of any of the tribe, before they knew who or what she was, or comprehended that she was to be stopped.

Active and agile as a fawn, Anna sped through the valley, but a shout from Abel and a shrieking order from Mirza in the gipsy language, now set some of the swiftest runners of the tribe on her track.

It was a fearful chase that the young girl heard them after her, and the agony of four added wings to her feet. It was something astonishing to the fleet gipsies themselves to see her run, and they almost could have thought they chased a spirit or a ray of light.

She did not speak—she did not scream or cry out for help or aid—for she well knew that if she did so she would be expending breath by which she could alone hope to keep up her speed; and so on she flew in the direction of a lane, at the other end of which ran the high road to Exeter. She heard the hard breathing of her pursuers, and then she uttered one short cry, for she felt she was being closed upon. There was a short yanking sound, and one of the gipsy dogs caught the corner of her dress in its teeth. The fragment came away, and Anna sped on, and now unwonted sounds in that valley came upon her ears.

The beat of a drum, and the shrill tones of pipes—nearer and nearer they came. Anna was within about a hundred yards of the end of the lane; one of the gipsies, with a yell of rage, sprang upon her. Surely she is lost now. What can save her? It is a matter of life or death with Abel Reve. The gipsy is faint and exhausted by the hard run he has had, but he yells forth an imprecation, as he dashes his hand among the long tresses of Anna's hair, and so seeks to hold her.

"Help, help! Oh, heaven aid me now!"

The shrill pipes sound loudly at the top of the lane, and the reverberating beat of the drums awakens the echoes of the hill side.

"Help! Oh, help!"

Again Anna shrieks for aid, and the gipsy draws his large clasped knife.

"Another word and you are dead!"

"Halt!" shouts a loud voice, and a mounted officer, in charge of a small detachment of troops marching to Exeter, dashes down the lane. There is the clash of accoutrements, and the gleam of a sword, and Anna is free! The gipsy lies on his back on the roadway, and his blood mingles with the dust that is in clouds over the spot where he had struggled with Anna.

"What is all this?" said the officer. "Ah, have we another of them?"

The officer stood on the defence, for he might well think foes were at hand, as over a dwarf hedge that was close at hand leaped some half-dozen horsemen, among whom were Captain Edgeworth and Walter Reve. He had taken the lead of the party of police from Exeter, and had from an eminence seen pretty well the whole of the occurrences as we have related them in connection with the flight of Anna from the gipsies' encampment, and her pursuit by the infuriated and unscrupulous friends of Abel Reve.

"Saved! saved!" cried Walter, as he hastily dismounted and clasped Anna to his heart. "Saved! Oh, heaven, the agony of the last five minutes, my Anna—I know and seeing your danger, and yet not able to reach you!"

"Walter! Walter!"

She could utter no more than his name—that name which was to her the sound that contained in itself such a world of love and tenderness; and then she sobbed upon his bosom, while sparkling smiles of pure joy broke like sunshine through her tears; for she felt that not only was she saved from her merciless foes, but there was he—her own Walter—free and yet in company with the ministers of justice; so that, without a doubt, something very favorable indeed must have occurred in the course of his fortunes to make his innocence apparent to all.

"You are saved, too, my Walter! They know now that you are innocent!"

"Yes, dear. I have Captain Edgeworth to thank for a promptitude in effecting my release that can never sufficiently acknowledge."

"It was easily done," said the captain. "I had but to let one of my men go, with a few words from me, to Sir Thomas, and Walter was provisionally free. He was accommodated with a better horse than I rode, and soon overtook me."

"And this gentleman," said Walter, turning to the officer, who had exchanged a few words with Captain Edgeworth—"and this gentleman—how shall we thank him, Anna, for I saw him ride to your rescue!"

"I should be unworthy the name of an officer and a gentleman if I had not done so, and of the uniform I wear," said the officer. "I recognize in Captain Edgeworth an old friend. We once served together in the Forty-first."

"Yes," said Captain Edgeworth; "you are in command, I think I heard, Captain Groves, of the depot here?"

"Just so; and I am glad we reached the end of this lane in time to perform a slight service for this young lady. Good day to you all. I wish you every imaginable joy, madame—indeed, as much as I see on your fair face at this moment."

Anna looked in the face of the captain, and a bright blush suffused her own cheeks as she said, "We both thank you, sir. You saved me, I think, from death!"

"God bless you, sir," cried Walter; "the name you bear will ever be in my heart!"

The captain smiled, and, with a military salute, trotted up the lane again to join his party. It was the chief constable who then called out, "Bring up the rest of the party, Simmons, and forward to the gipsies' encampment. I think we shall find our game there. Ten pounds for the first one of you who lays a hand on Abel Reve, accused of highway robbery and murder!"

"If you please, sir," said one of the constables; "this gipsy that the officer cut down is not dead!"

The gipsy, who had attacked with such ferocity our fair Anna, had been removed from the centre of the lane, and laid upon the bank, so that he reclined

more in peace than he had done; and slowly he had opened his eyes and glared about him; but it required little skill to see that the film of death was gathering over them.

"Why, captain," said another of the constables, "this is the man named Hackets that we were to take on the information of Mr. Abel Reve! I know him well!"

At these words, Hackets, for it was indeed that ruffianly gipsy, uttered a cry of despair, and partially supported himself on one arm, as he looked about him with eyes in which hatred and fear struggled for mastery.

"Did Abel Reve denounce me?" he shrieked.

"Yes," said Captain Edgeworth; "he has given written information that you are an associate of Walter Reve, and that it was you who burnt down Holly Tree Farm!"

"The villain! the villain! the villain!" gasped Hackets; "I will tell all—I will tell all!"

CHAPTER XV.—THE ROUT OF THE GIPSIES—HACKETS' CONFESSION—A HAPPY MEETING—MIRZA'S REVENGE.

The evil passions that had been evoked in the breast of Hackets, the dying gipsy, on the information that Abel Reve had striven to sacrifice him along with Walter, were quite sufficient indication of his willingness to give important information regarding the proceedings of Abel; and although that information would have gone for small account, had Walter been believed still to be guilty; yet, now that his innocence was affirmed, it would weigh heavily in the scale as against Abel Reve.

But Captain Edgeworth was as anxious as possible for the capture of Abel; and he approached Hackets, and spoke to him firmly, and far from unkindly.

"I fancy that your wound is not mortal, and you may depend upon every care being taken of you. I will leave one of my men with you, while another one goes for a surgeon. I have such work to do yonder, as will prevent me from listening to anything you may have to say."

"No, no!" said Hackets. "Yet a moment! My moments are numbered. I am dying!"

Captain Edgeworth looked impatient.

"Do not—oh, do not fancy," added Hackets, "that you are losing time! He has escaped as far as he can or will escape! Even now I seem to see him! The villain! Abel alone is guilty of all! He is the mysterious highwayman! He it was who planned the incendiary fires over the land! He it was who murdered John Miller! He is guilty! guilty! guilty!"

"We have no doubt of that; but you and the other gipsies helped him."

"The people worked for him and with him. That cannot now be denied, for he is of the people."

"Of your people?"

"Yes, yes! Slay him! Seize him, and slay him! I knew that it would come to this! I seemed even to see it, and now it has come, and the hand of death is upon me! Oh, fool, fool! To do his work, and to come to this! To do his work, while he was sparing me for the galleys or the hulks! I ought to have known it—I ought to have seen it! And now—now—all is lost—night—night has come!"

Anna now knelt by the side of the dying gipsy. It had occurred to her that he might, by a word, solve the horrible doubt that he had attempted to be implanted in her mind by Mirza in regard to the real parentage of Walter.

"Tell me," she said, gently, "tell me, now that words of truth are upon your lips, are Abel and Walter brothers?"

"No."

"No? Oh, heaven!"

"Hush, hush! I heard her! That is false!"

"False? That—that false which was told to me by Mirza Fane?"

Hackets made an impatient movement with his hand, and then uttered the name of Lancefield.

"Of whom do you speak?" said Captain Edgeworth. "Who is this Lancefield you mention?"

"His father!"

"Whose father? Whose?"

It was too late! The spirit of the gipsy had fled, and, with those two words as his last in this world, Hackets was no more. Anna, and Walter, and Captain Edgeworth looked at each other for a few moments in silence; and then Walter said, "This information is too much or too little; and yet it comes to me with a glow of hope that I am really not that man's brother."

It was at this moment that the remainder of Captain Edgeworth's party, which had come by the regular road, and not over the meadows, as he and Walter and the few men with them came, reached the spot; and it was a great satisfaction to Anna to see Joseph seated on one of the horses behind one of the constables.

"All's right now, miss, and you, Mr. W.," said Joseph. "Why, it's as good as a play! But I did think it was all up with us when Abel caught us in Knightriders' mist!"

Captain Edgeworth now spoke rapidly. He had been reflecting for a few moments.

"Mr. Walter Reve," he said, "the best thing you can possibly do is to go to my house at Exeter with Miss Miller. I shall have much to do down here, for the whole of the gipsy tribe will have to be apprehended on account of the incendiary fires. I have not force enough to do that now, but they will easily be hunted down in a little time. My mission, now, is to apprehend Abel Reve, who, without doubt, will be proved to be all that we suppose him—namely, the highwayman of the Ferry's End, and the contriver and director of all the incendiary fires that have so long puzzled us all."

"Be it so," said Walter. "There is so much of mystery in all that has occurred, that I feel like one in a dream. Come, dear Anna, let at least my first care be to see you in safety."

"My dear mother," said Anna, softly, "she is still at Deep Hollow. She may have thought it possible that you were guilty, Walter, but she will rejoice with me at your undoubted innocence."

"I feel assured she will, dear. We will go, then, first to Deep Hollow."

"Yes, dear Watty."

How it shook the heart of that poor Walter whenever Anna called him by that name of Watty. There was such a kind familiarity in the sound that it was nearly bringing tears into his eyes to hear it.

And now the little party moved on towards the gipsies' camp and Deep Hollow Farm, which, for a considerable distance, lay both on the same route, so that Anna and Walter were well escorted by Captain Edgeworth and his party.

The captain was in earnest consultation with his sergeant, who was the same man who aided him in the search of Deep Hollow Farm when the apparently incriminating evidence against Walter was found in the chest beneath the table.

"He will take to earth like a fox, sir," said the sergeant.

"You mean he will hide?"

"No doubt of it, sir. It is easy to post men at different points on the look-out over the country, so that he can't steal away, and then he must be fairly hunted up."

"Where will he hide?"

At this moment a turn in the road brought them all fully in view of Knightriders, standing cold and vast against the morning air, and it seemed as if the huge pile of burning had itself given a practical reply to the question of Captain Edgeworth.

"There, sir, if any where," said the sergeant.

"Very good. Simmons—"

"Yes, captain."

"Ride back to headquarters and get together all the men that can be spared, and bring them down here. I have cast a cloud over the fair landscape around us will be dissipated, and for ever. Your eyes are good, sergeant, what do you see yonder?"

"In the hollow, captain, by the little stream?"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Jamaica Pond, Boston, was the scene of considerable fun and excitement last week. A cunning speculator took a basket of skates to supply those who had none, requiring so much an hour, and a deposit of about twice their value as security for the due return of the article. One old gentleman having nothing smaller, deposited a twenty dollar gold piece. The cunning speculator, having thus disposed of his wares, walked off, having cleared a handsome sum by the forced sales he had made. In New York there was excellent fun going on in the Central Park, and many were the slips, not 'twixt the cup and the lip, but because the lip had touched the cup a little too often.

A Most Singular Murder has lately been committed in Lockport, Conn. A widow, who had supported an intemperate brother for some time, finding that he made no efforts to get any employment, resolved to destroy him. When he was asleep she therefore took a knife and cut his throat. She then, taking her two children with her, went and delivered herself up to the police. It is supposed she is mad.

The Vandalla Sloop-of-War has just returned from a twenty-six months' cruise. She has been 420 days on the sea, the balance being in port. She sailed 52,000 miles. The most remarkable fact about her is that she has not lost one of her hands either by sickness or desertion. Commodore Sinclair deserves the greatest commendation for his admirable management. Such a man is a model for such men as the captain and mates of the Brooklyn, on board of which ship a sailor was lately murdered in New York harbor. We wish to ask Governor Floyd and Mr. Toney what steps have been taken in this matter?

The Shipping Trade of New York for 1859 was 4,927 vessels arrived in the harbor—being 600 more than last year. The proportions were about 2,500 Americans, 1,500 British, 90 Bremen, 60 Hamburg, 17 French, &c. Our trade with England is therefore eight times more than the rest of the world put together. Irish patriots must be very mad if they think we are going to quarrel with our best customers merely to please John Mitchell and such men.

Last Week Justice Voorhies issued a warrant for the arrest of a young man named Wilson. It was for the uncommon and terrible offence of increasing our population without the consent of the person; in point of fact, seducing from the paths of virtue and hoop skirt manufacturing a young lady. The constable not being able to find the aforesaid Lothario Wilson, went to his mother's house and arrested her. When brought before the Justice, this functionary ordered the lady to be released, and rebuked the constable, who said in excuse, "Well, his mother ought to have taught him better!" We think the constable was half right. Parents should look after their children more carefully.

Some of our Policemen are great judges of character, almost approaching our friend Professor Fowler. Last week Mr. Bungay, the editor of the Geneva (N. Y.) Independent, started from Utica on a lecturing tour. His carpet-bag being well crammed with lectures in MS., it attracted the attention of a policeman who was travelling in the same car. When the train stopped Mr. Bungay was somewhat surprised by the sagacious policeman taking him into custody, on suspicion of being a burglar! The matter was satisfactorily explained; but the policeman maintains that he don't know any difference between burglars and editors—they both pursue the same business—the one uses a jimmy, and the other a pair of scissors!

Mr. Boydon, the Government Receiver in Wisconsin, was robbed on Christmas Eve in the following ingenious manner: He was sitting about nine o'clock in the office making up his accounts, when a man quietly entered, locked the door, gagged him, and took \$5,000 in gold from the safe. It was half an hour before he could make himself heard, as the robber had tied his leg and arm together. Mr. Boydon has but one arm! We think he will lock his office door the next time he balances his cash.

On Saturday the Old Year was seen out, and the New Year ushered in at the Fourth Ward Temperance Coffee-House, kept by that reformed pugilist, Awful Gardner. It was a very interesting occasion. Prayers were said, hymns sung, speeches made and coffee drank by those who had been in the habit of drinking rum and swearing. We understand that Mr. Gardner and Mr. Picton are going to stump the State in favor of Temperance. They have founded a society called The Dashways, in which every member is invited to take the pledge for a month, year, or any time he thinks his moral force is adequate to sustain. He then can test the advantages of temperance over drunkenness. This plan shows a far greater knowledge of human nature than the Father Mathew system.

An Ohio Paper has a very amusing account of sixteen ladies of Dayton turning the tables upon their husbands. It appears that these hilarious husbands had resolved to steal a march upon their tender spouses by having a snug supper at a well-known tavern in the city. Under the belief that their intentions were unknown to their legal tyrants they met, and adjourned to the dining-room, when lo! there sat the sixteen wives, all hard at work on the dinner. After considerable repentance on the part of the guilty men the tender hearts of the women melted, and they were allowed to take pot luck. One account says that the ladies had provided themselves with other beaux!

Governor Wise has just received as a present the pocket-knife of John Brown. The article is now in the Engineer's office, awaiting the Governor's return. It is an old jack-knife, a bone handle and two blades, and has evidently seen much service. A small brass plate on the handle is engraved with the name "John Brown." On one side of the large blade are now inscribed the words "Pirate Chief and Robber of Kansas." Taken from his person. Attack on Harper's Ferry Armory, 17th October, 1859. On the other side of the blade: "Presented to Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, by Archibald M. Kitzmiller."

For some Months past the temperance people of this city have had under consideration the establishment of a home for inebriates, an institution to which the broken-down drunkard might be taken and reclaimed. An "Inebriate's Friend Society" has been formed, and its committee are now negotiating for the opening of an establishment on a small scale, at 154 Chatham street. With a view to carry out the objects of the Institution and of establishing it upon a good practical basis, the committee solicit donations in the form of bedsteads, bedding and other articles of furniture which may be necessary. Friends desirous to patronize the efforts may do so by placing themselves in communication with the Hon. C. C. Leigh, No. 563 Broadway, or Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, No. 133 East Broadway, New York. We cheerfully give place to the above from the Tribune, at request of a friend interested, trusting that it may not only call the attention of the philanthropic towards a deserving object, but suggest the establishment of such societies in other places. There is not a village in the country where one is not needed.

At the Weekly Reception of the Athenaeum Club, on the 4th inst., the members and their friends were delighted by the exhibition of some very fine works of art, among which were four large paintings by Cropley, Durand, Kensett and Leutze, the property of Mr. Charles Gould. These paintings have never been exhibited to the public, and Mr. Gould's kindness was thoroughly appreciated. There were also on the walls a sweet picture of a cat and kittens, by one of the Bonheur family; a bas-relief, "Night," by Jackson, and several other nice things. The prospect of a repetition of these exhibitions of privately-owned paintings, will render the Club reunions even more attractive than they have hitherto been.

It is understood that the contestants (Lieut. Marin and wife), in the matter of allowing the will of Augustus Thorndike, withdrew further litigation with the understanding that they shall receive \$50,000 from the estate.

The New Haven Register says: "We understand that the valuable library of the late Dr. Percival, of this city, was yesterday shipped to Messrs. Leonard & Co., of Boston, by whom it will be disposed of for account of the mortgagees, at public auction. It contains upwards of ten thousand volumes, and is variously appraised at from \$10,000 to \$20,000."

The Boston Atlas says it is now announced positively that the Rev. Thomas Starr King has accepted the invitation of the Unitarian Society of San Francisco, California, to become their pastor. His letter of resignation to the Hollis street Church and Society was submitted to his people on Monday, at a meeting called for that purpose.

Northern Stock Raisers in Texas.—We learn that Major Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, is about moving his stock of five thousand head of cattle, horses and sheep to his "Home Ranch" of seventeen thousand acres, at Helena, the county seat of Karnes county, ninety miles nearer the coast than his "Comal Ranch" of ten thousand acres, recently sold to William Wilkeson, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y., for seventy-five thousand dollars. His "Home Ranch" is a very rich body of land, lying between and having a frontage of eighteen miles on the Colorado, Rio Grande and San Antonio rivers. He has some fine French merino and Saxony bucks, a mammoth Maltese Jack, and a full-blooded Morgan stallion. Our State is fast filling up with men of wealth and enterprise.

FOREIGN NEWS

By the Bohemia we have European news to the 22d December. It is only important as showing that the Congress is to be the battle field of the Old World for some months to come. Whether out of such discordant materials a permanent peace will come is problematical.

The London Times, on the execution of Brown, ridicules the Northern sympathy, when too late, and predicts that the matter will tend to strengthen the South.

The weather in England and France was excessively severe, but had moderated.

The reported reduction in the French tariff will apply principally to cotton.

Numerous political arrests at Naples are reported.

The Paris Press publishes the following as the definite official list of the plenipotentiaries: Austria, Count Rechberg and Prince de Metternich; Great Britain, Lord Cowley and Lord Wodehouse; Prussia, Baron Schleinitz and Count Pourtales; Russia, Prince Gortschakoff and Count Kisseleff; France, Count Walewski and Prince Latour de Maunoy; Spain, M. Martinez de la Rosa and M. Mon; Portugal, Count Lavarado and Viscount de Paiva.

The names of the representatives for the Holy See, the Two Sicilies, and Sardinia are not yet officially known, but a Turin despatch says that Count Cavour has been definitely appointed first plenipotentiary for Sardinia and Chevalier Desambrois the second, and that France has been officially notified of the fact. It is also positively asserted that Cardinal Antonelli will represent the Pope.

The opening of the Congress will take place on the 20th of January.

The reported intended abdication of the Emperor of Austria is unfounded.

Austria was reducing her army. The affairs of Hungary were daily more threatening.

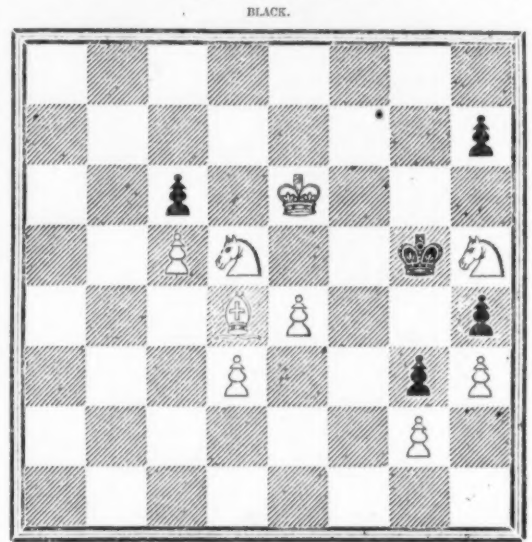
Important submissions to Russia in the Caucasus were reported. Lord Holland died at Naples on the 18th ult. It was officially announced that on the 1st of January the Emperor would receive the Corps Diplomatique and the members of the Legislative bodies. The Marquis de Villamarina and M. Desambrois, the retiring and the new Minister from Sardinia, had been formally received by the Emperor. Prince Jerome Napoleon continued to improve in health, and the *Moniteur* of the 21st states no further bulletins would be issued. Count Persigny, the French Minister to England, had arrived in Paris. The whole Spanish army was concentrated at Ceuta. The Moors continued to be very enthusiastic about the war, and large reinforcements were arriving from the interior. The latest accounts from Morocco are to the 16th. The Moors are still assailants, their attacks being continued with the same impetuous bravery, and each time with great numbers. Private letters from Cadix state that the plan of the Spaniards is to attack Tetuan on two sides simultaneously, or by land from Ceuta and from the river. Tetuan is defended by earthworks and redans. A Madrid letter of the 14th says that the Spanish army amounted to forty thousand, but that O'Donnell was continually asking for fresh reinforcements. His position was considered difficult.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—D. E. S., III. B to K Kt 7 mates on the move.—G. A. C., Chicago, Ill. No. 1, pretty fair; No. 2, rather easy.—G. W. B. H., Portland, Me. Rather easy. Try something more elaborate.—KATE KNOWLES. Three problems pretty fair.—SYDNEY, Pawtucket, R. I. Problem sound.—MIZIO, Norfolk, Va. Problems sound and rather good.—W. V. V. R., New Haven, Ct. Several other moves will answer the same purpose.—J. WILKINSON, JR., Syracuse, N. Y. Suicide in four moves good.—M. J. FOWLER, Baltimore, Md. Not quite original enough.

PROBLEM No. 222.—By P. J. D. Hoboken. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



THE PHILADELPHIA CHESS CLUB.—This Club has been organized upon a solid basis, with the following gentlemen as officers: President, H. P. Montgomery; Vice President, Simon Stern, J. S. Natt; Recording Secretary, N. C. Reid, M.D.; Corresponding Secretary, W. R. McAdam; Treasurer, E. Wells; Umpires, Messrs. Randolph, Thomas and Tighman. We hope frequently to receive games from the Club for our column. Our cry is, "More games, fewer problems!"

TO LADY AMATEURS.—Any lady desirous of conducting a game by correspondence may address Henri Laurent, Lo. Marlborough, Md.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. H. C. Received with many thanks. You may observe we have made a free use of your communications. Will send more soon.—Dr. R., Philadelphia. Gratefully received. The desired document shall be duly forwarded.—E. Ward, Tarrytown, N. Y. Thanks for the problem. It will be examined in good time.

The following spirited little game was recently played at the Cigar Divan, Strand, between Messrs. Wormald and Burden, two highly talented amateurs:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. W.	Mr. B.	Mr. W.	Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	19 P to K 6 (g)	Kt to R
2 B to Q 4	Kt to B 3	20 R to Kt	B to Q 3
3 K Kt to B 3	Kt to Kt P	21 B to Kt	K to B 2
4 Q Kt to B 3	Kt to Kt	22 B to Q Kt 3	Q R to B
5 Q P to Kt	P to K 3	23 Q to K 5	Q Kt 5
6 Castles	Q to K 2 (g)	24 Q to Q R 5 (ch)	K to B sq
7 Kt to R 4	P to Kt 3	25 P to K 7	B to Kt P (ch) (A)
8 B to K 3	P to Q 3	26 K to B	Q to R 5 (ch)
9 P to K 4	P to K 4 (b)	27 K to Kt sq	R to Q 8 (ch)
10 Kt to B P (c)	P to Kt	28 R to K B sq	Q to Kt P
11 Q to R 5 (ch)	K to Q sq	29 Q to K 5 (ch)	K to Kt sq
12 P to K P	P to K 3 (d)	30 B to B 4 (ch)	K to R sq
13 R to P	P to K 5 (e)	31 Q to B	R to K (ch)
14 R to B 7	Q to K 3	32 K to K 5	Q to K 5
15 Q to K 6	Q to Kt sq	33 Q to K 5	Q to K 5
16 R to B 6	B to Kt sq	34 B to K	R to K B (ch)
17 Q to Q 3	B to K R 4 (f)	35 K to Kt sq, and wins.	
18 Q R to K B sq	Kt to Q 2		

(a) Many of the best players are of opinion that this is Black's correct move in the present position.
(b) P to K 5 were the safer play.
(c) This is bold, but the result seems to have justified White in venturing the sacrifice.
(d) This appears compulsory, to prevent White's winning the Q.
(e) From this point the play is highly spirited and interesting.
(f) Intended to prevent White's winning a piece by playing his R to K Kt 6, but, perhaps, B to Q 2 would have been safer.
(g) Very ingenious; by the sacrifice of the Rook White maintains a deadly grip upon his trammelled foe.
(h) This, Black's only move.

SOLVED.—PROBLEM No. 212.—Q to K 7; K to Kt 4 (best); Q to K Kt 7 (ch); K to K 5; K to K 4; Q to Q 7 (ch); P to B 4; Q to K 7 (ch). If 2 K 9, K to K 5; P to B 4; K to R 2; K to R 5; Q to R 6 (ch).

SOLVED.—PROBLEM No. 213.—Kt to K 2 (ch); K to Kt 7; Q to Q 2 (ch); K to R 8; Q to Kt 8; R to Kt (ch).

SOLVED.—PROBLEM No. 214.—K to B 6; K to Kt 3; Q to K B 4 (ch).

SOLVED.—PROBLEM No. 215.—Kt to Q B 6; K to Kt 3; B to K 3 (ch).

SOLVED.—PROBLEM No. 217.—B to K R 5 (ch); K to B 5; Q to K Kt 3 (ch); K to B 4; K to B 5; B to K 6; P to K 4; B to K 5 (ch); P to K 5 (ch).

No. 218.—Although the battery was intended to be unmasked in this way: R to K 4; B to K 3 (ch); K to R 4 or 5; R to K 2 (ch). If Kt 3 (ch); Q to B 5; B to K 3 (ch). But if 1 K to K 2; B to B 5; and White cannot mate.

No. 219.—Same as No. 213 (corrected).

No. 220.—Q to K R 4; K moves; K to R 5; B to Kt P; or otherwise, 3 Kt to Q R 4 (ch). If 1 Kt moves; Q to Kt 3 (ch); K to K 5; Q to K 5 (ch). If 1 R moves from Kt 6; Q to K (ch); K to R 4 (ch). If 1 other R moves; Q to Kt P (ch); K to B 6; K to R 4 (ch).

No. 221.—White have a three-move solution: Kt to Q Kt 2 (ch); K to B 6; Q to K 3 (ch); B to Q 7; B to Q (ch). If 1 K to Q 5; B to Kt (ch); K to K 5 (ch).

The young Prince Imperial runs about the gardens of the Tuilleries like a four year old. He is fond of bon-bons and toys—cries when he is hurt, and is altogether a wonderful child!

The following bit of Buncombe is in *Galignani*: "At Compiegne, recently, the Emperor observed that Lady Cowley, contrary to the custom with English ladies, did not wear a wedding or alliance ring on her hand. He asked the reason, and was told that the marriage took place sooner than was expected—that his lordship had not been able to procure one in time, and that, after marriage, no further thought had been given to the subject. The Emperor immediately ordered from Paris a costly alliance ring, and presenting it to her ladyship, said to her: 'I beg of you to accept this ring as a new guarantee of the alliance between France and England.'"

A deep gloom hung over the little farm at Deep Hollow, for death was a resident of one of its lower rooms. There lay the body of Farmer Miller as it had been brought from the field in which it had been placed by the farm-laborers, when they brought it in on the hurdle from the meadow, where it had been found. The farm servants that had been kept by the brothers Reve had abstained, with a superstitious fear, from going near that room, and the body was supposed to be awaiting the coroner's inquisition, which was on that day to take place.

Captain Edgeworth took leave of Walter and Anna at the gate leading to the flower-garden of Deep Hollow, and, as he pressed the hand of Walter, he said, "Of one thing, Mr. Reve, be assured—that all is for the best in this world. I have seen enough of it to be convinced of that philosophy; and out of all these misfortunes that have occurred to you, you may rest assured will spring much happiness."

"You are kind to say so, sir. Let me hope that if you should make any discoveries, or have any news for me, you will spare one of your men to come for me."

"Be assured that I will. And there is now a good consolation for you in the midst of your troubles."

"Ah, yes!" said Walter, with a look of ineffable affection at Anna, "a consolation that I feel myself unworthy of, and which I shall ever be thankful to heaven for granting me."

"I did not mean that," added Captain Edgeworth; "although, in regard to your happiness in the future with Miss Miller, I entirely agree with you. What I meant to allude to was the fact which I think you may take for granted, that Abel is not your brother, but a criminal with whom you need have no concern nor sympathy!"

"That indeed, sir, is a blessed thought. But in regard to it I am all amazed, for I ever associated with him as a brother, and believed him to be such, and that we were both the sons of the late Baron Templemore, of Knightbriders. There is yet some terrible mystery to unravel."

"There is, indeed; but I do not think it is one that will, or need, terrify you."

Captain Edgeworth then took a smiling leave of Walter and Anna, and they entered the flower-garden of Deep Hollow Farm together. A feeling of deep sadness came over Anna as they neared the house, for she could not forget, amid all the distracting and exciting scenes she had passed through, that there lay her poor murdered father!

"Walter," she said sadly, "if my father had but been in life, how happy he would have been in his happiness!"

"Yes, dear; but you must recollect that so good a man as your father must be happy now."

"Ah, yes, you are right, dear Walter. Why am I so selfish? If a word of mine would now bring him back, ought I to utter it, Walter? Oh, no, no!" They entered the house by a pretty porch all overgrown with roses; and the moment they reached the hall beyond it, Anna uttered a cry of alarm, for the first object that presented itself to her was her mother lying as if dead, on the floor, partly within the doorway of the room in which her father had been carried, and partly in the hall. It would appear that, either in entering or in leaving that room, some sort of swoon had come over her, and she had fallen where they now saw her.

"Oh, help! help!" cried Anna. "Am I to lose both the dear parents who have loved me so truly and so tenderly? Oh, Walter, Walter! how desolate should I now be without you! Mother—dear mother! Speak to me—oh, try to speak to me, if it be but a word, to tell me that this is but some passing indisposition!"

Anna threw herself on her knees by the side of her mother, who in another moment was raised in the arms of Walter. It was then with a deep sigh that poor Mrs. Miller opened her eyes and looked anxiously about her.

"A delusion—only a delusion!" she said, faintly.

"What is a delusion, mother? Speak again! What is it?"

"Your father. Where are they?"

"Here, dear mother. At Deep Hollow—with Walter—with me! What has happened?"

Mrs. Miller shuddered.

"Is he there now?"

"Who? Who? Of whom do you speak, Mrs. Miller?" said Walter.

"That room—go into it! Tell me—I must have been taken ill, and only fancied he was gone!"

"Gone?—gone? One moment! There! you can sit there, Mrs. Miller. Place your arm around her, Anna, dear."

Walter seated Mrs. Miller in the hall; and while she was supported by Anna, he at once made his way into the room where Farmer Miller had been laid; but what was his astonishment to find the couch on which he had been placed unoccupied, and not a trace of the dead body in the place.

One of the windows was open, and there was the blind fluttering in the morning air, but how the body had been removed, or by whom, remained for the present an inscrutable mystery. In a moment or two—for it took no more to convince Walter that Farmer Miller was certainly not there—he again sought the little hall of the home-stead, and in reply to the anxious looks of Anna, he said, "It is useless to attempt, dear, to conceal from you what you can ascertain for yourself in an instant. Your poor father's body has been removed!"

"Removed?"

"Yes, dear. Do not alarm yourself. There is but one person who can have had any interest in that removal, and that is his murderer. Failing the production of the body, I believe it will not be possible to convict the assassin. That is the only probable supposition that presents itself to me."

"Heaven have mercy on us!" said Mrs. Miller. "Not only are those so dear to us deprived of life, but their poor remains are taken from us! Oh, Walter, Walter! Walter! if, indeed, you can have had ought to do with this fearful deed—"

"Mother!" said Anna; "I cannot—I will not hear you speak thus! Walter is innocent! Enough, and more than enough, has been proved to render his innocence as clear a thing as daylight. Do not, oh, mother, do not accuse him, even by a thought! It is Abel Reve who has done the deed, and who is now a fugitive from justice; but not for long! Mother, Walter is not only innocent, but he is—No, no! I cannot praise you, Walter, even to my mother. I can but say that I am your own Anna, ever and ever, and pray God to bless you!"

There was too much truth and sincerity in Anna's words and manner for Mrs. Miller to doubt any longer. A faint flush of color came to her cheeks, as she said, "Walter, can you forgive me?"

"On one condition, dear Mrs. Miller; and that is, that you will look upon me as a loving son and never allude again to ever paining me by mentioning that you once doubted me, or required to hear my justification."

"But you know, Walter, that I heard poor John—my own dear husband—accuse you. Let that be my excuse."

"Say no more, mother! say no more, mother!" said Anna. "All that is past now. I think you must be right, Walter; and that Abel and his associates have stolen the body of my poor father."

"Go to your own room, Mrs. Miller," said Walter; "and you, too, my dear Anna. I will soon bring you news on that head."

"But you will not run into danger, Walter," said Mrs. Miller. "It is the living we must cherish. The dead are with heaven!"

"Now, dear mother," said Anna, as she heard the kindly and affectionate tones in which these words were addressed to Walter, and flung her arms about her mother's neck—"now, dear mother, I know you again, and you feel that Walter is innocent and can rejoice in his affection for your child."

Poor Mrs. Miller, whose mind had been evidently much enfeebled by the awful shock of her husband's murder, wept abundantly; and Walter, with a look of love to Anna, left the house to make what inquiries were possible in respect to the mysterious disappearance of Farmer Miller.

Upon gaining the little garden, the first thing he heard was the hasty tramp of a horse on the roadway beyond; and then halted close to the palings one of the mounted constabulary, who called out, "Oh, Mr. Walter Reve, I have a note for you from our captain. He told me to ride fast with it."

Walter took the note, at the same time asking if any answer were required, but the man said "No!" and galloped off again; and Walter found the note to contain the following words:

"MY DEAR SIR.—Meet me to-night, one hour after sunset, at the corner of the Four Acre Lane that leads to Ferry's End. I think we shall make some important discoveries and unravel some mysteries, if we are discreet and secret. Yours, ever,"

"EDWARD EDGEWORTH."

It was evident, from the tenor of this note, that the chief constable was carrying out some plan which he hoped would, with Walter's assistance, bring affairs to a satisfactory crisis; and Walter waited with great impatience for the night to come, in order that he might profit by the suggestion that had been made to him. He knew the place well that the note specified, and as there would be a late moon that night, he felt assured that one hour after sunset the darkness would be quite sufficient to screen both him and the captain from observation.

Walter regretted now that he had let the mounted constable go without sending word to Captain Edgeworth, by him, of the mysterious disappearance of the body of Farmer Miller, but it was too late to think of recalling him or overtaking him, so he could only wait patiently until nightfall.

The minutest inquiry among the servants and laborers at Deep Hollow brought no intelligence concerning the removal of the body; not a sound had been heard during the night, nor had any light been seen or other indication of strangers on the farm; but yet Walter knew the dexterity with which the gipsies carry out their projects, and he had no doubt at all in his own mind, but that, at the instigation of Abel, they had obtained possession of the body, in order to prevent the inquest from taking place, which would have gone far to criminate Abel.

On consideration, Walter thought that it would only be adding to the anxieties of Anna and her mother if he should show them Captain Edgeworth's note and let them know that he was bound that night upon an expedition in which there might be danger; so he said nothing about it during the day, and when the dim shadows of the evening began to spread over the farm, he persuaded Anna and Mrs. Miller to leave the garden and go into the house, saying, with as much unconcern as he could assume, "I have a call or two to make on some neighbors, and will take great care of myself and be back as soon as I can; but if, at a late hour, I should find myself nearer Exeter than Deep Hollow, I will go there, and pass the night with Captain Edgeworth."

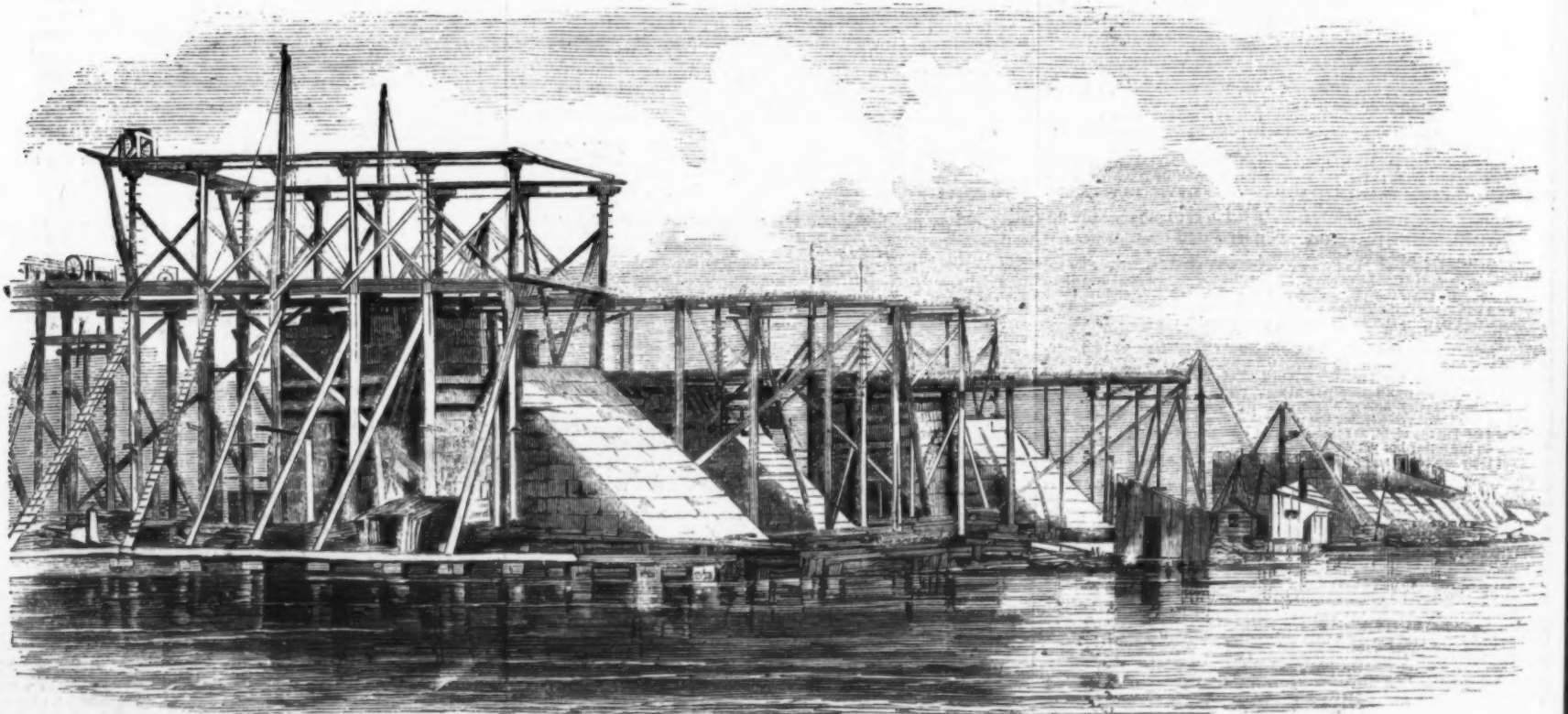
Anna looked in his eyes, and she saw that he had a something on his mind that he would not communicate. She did not ask him what it was, but she pressed his hand in both hers, as she said, "Heaven preserve my dear Walter."

(To be continued.)

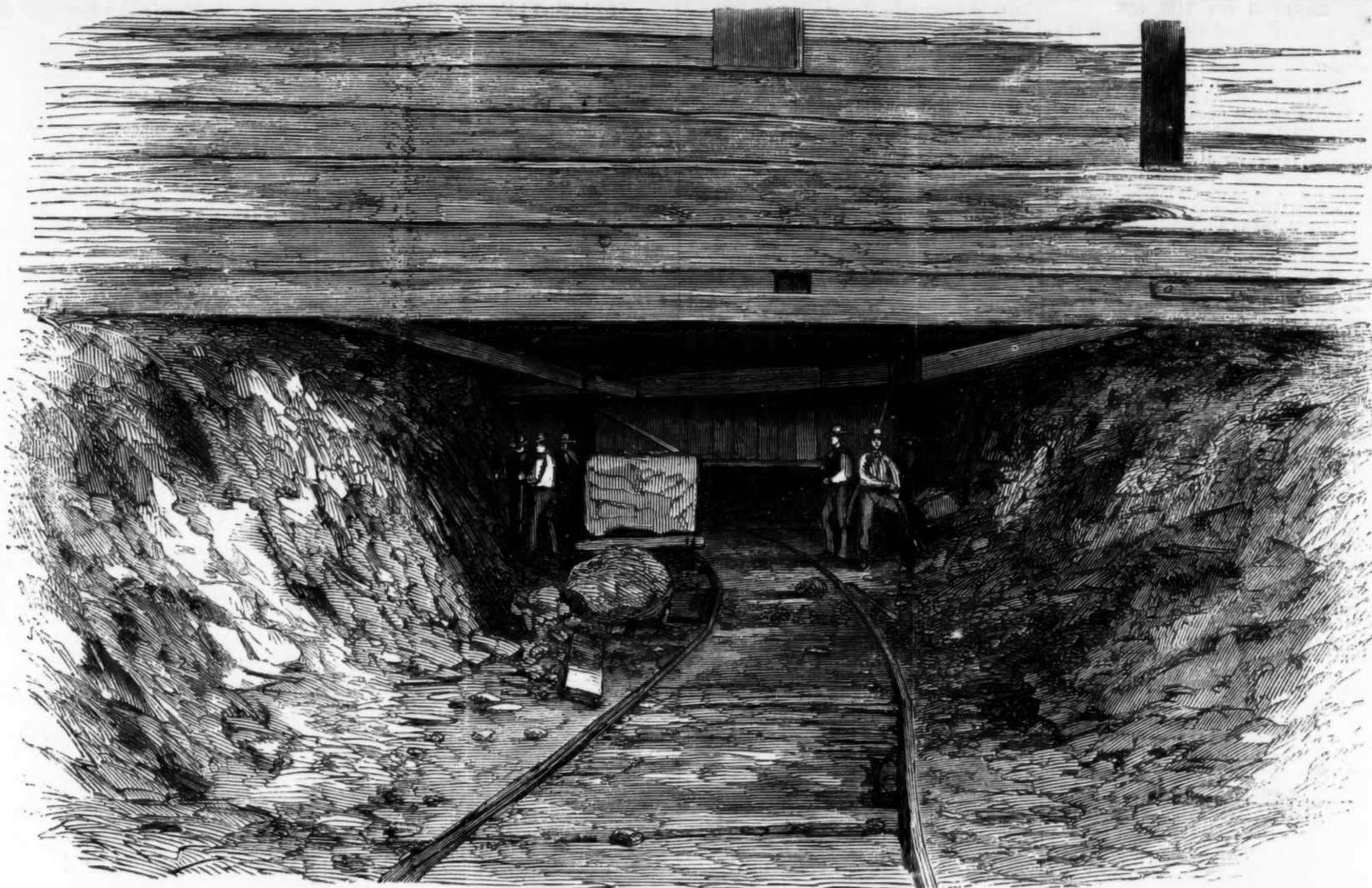
A BOARDING CLUB in Washington has compelled Mr. Cleghorn to resign his membership, he having approved Helper's book.



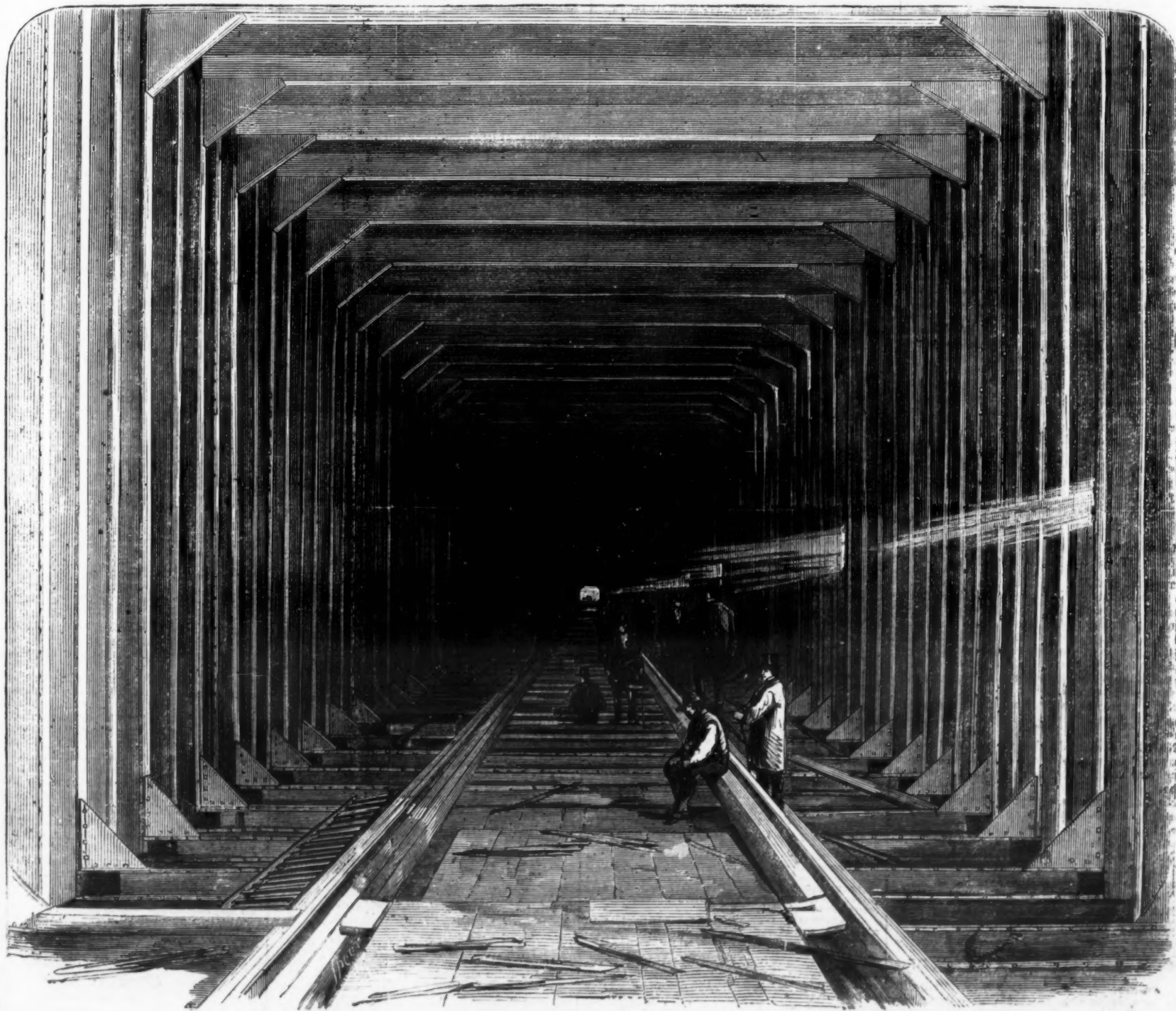
THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT VICTORIA BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE—SECTION SHOWING THE FORMATION OF THE TRESTLE AND ITS MODE OF STRUCTURE.—SEE PAGE 110.



THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT VICTORIA TRESTLE BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE—SECTION SHOWING THE MODE OF RAISING THE SCAFFOLDING PREPARATORY TO COMPLETING THE STONE PIERS AND COMMENCING TO CONSTRUCT THE RAILROAD TRESTLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT VICTORIA BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE—DIGGING THE FOUNDATION OF THE PIERS—VIEW OF NO. 1 COFFER-DAM, TWENTY-FOUR FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—SEE PAGE 110



THE GREAT VICTORIA BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR AS IT NOW STANDS COMPLETE.

CURLING ON THE ICE.

WITHIN the last ten years, New York seems to be rapidly changing from Dutch to British manners. It is especially visible in sports and amusements. Good Friday and Christmas Day, which a few years ago were only noted by the Episcopalians and Papists, have become national observances, and Cricket has lately been so elevated in the public estimation, as to induce a few professional men to cross the wide Atlantic to give the players of the New World a lesson. Among the late importations are the games on the ice, as pursued in Europe.

In our present number we have given a graphic and correct sketch of the exhilarating game of Curling, which, hitherto confined to the Caledonian Curling Clubs in Scotland, promises now to become a popular sport on this side the Atlantic.

Previous to playing, a diagram is drawn upon the ice forty-three yards long and about twenty feet wide. A circle of about twelve feet diameter is drawn towards each extremity, leaving about twelve feet space at the extreme ends. A foot circle of eighteen inches is then made in the centre of this space, about seven feet from each extreme end. About thirty-five feet from each end an irregular line is drawn across the rink, called the hog line—this is done at both ends. Half way in the rink a straight line is then drawn across it, called the middle line. This done, the diagram is complete and ready for the players. The players are then provided with four round stones of about thirty pounds, which have a handle somewhat like half a dumb-bell. Every rink to be composed of four players a side, each with two stones, unless otherwise agreed upon. Before commencing the game, each skip—that is the leader of the four—shall state mutually to his opposing skip, the order in which they shall play. Every stone to be a hog which does not clear a square placed upon this score, but no stone is considered a hog which has struck another stone lying over the hog score. The skips settle by lot which shall have the first innings. No stone can be changed after the game has begun, and should it break the largest fragment is to count. If the played stone rolls and stops on its side or top it shall not be counted, but put off the ice. Should the handle quit the stone in the delivery, the player must keep hold of it, otherwise he shall not be entitled to replay his shot.

Every player to come with a besom, but the sweeping department must be under the exclusive control of the skips. The players' party to be allowed to sweep when the stone has passed the middle line and till it reaches the tee—the adverse party when it has reached the tee. The sweeping to be always to a side or across the rink, and no sweepings to be moved forwards and left in front of a running stone to obstruct its course. No stone shall be considered within or without a circle unless it clears it, and every stone shall be held as resting on a line which does not completely clear it.

It is evident from these rules that it is eminently a game calculated to strengthen the body and exercise the muscles. We hope our readers will put our directions into practice and circulate their blood this cold weather by learning the noble game of Curling. An hour's observation in the Central Park will soon put the unsophisticated in possession of sufficient knowledge to enable him to become a tolerable Currier. Of course, proficiency must proceed from practice, which, as every one knows, makes perfect.

CURIOUS ANCIENT STONE IMAGES FROM CHIRIQUI.

In a previous number of our paper we gave exact engravings of some most curious golden images, taken from the tombs of Chiriqui. We are now, through the kindness of the Panama Railroad Company, enabled to gratify the public curiosity by presenting accurate pictures of three images, recently taken from tombs near the same place. They are carved out of a dark gray stone, and are of infinitely more interest than those already engraved, although not composed of such valuable material. It will be remembered that the golden figures were only about six inches long, while these, including their pedestals, measure between four and five feet. They are very heavy, being as much as a man can lift. Considerable controversy exists as to their age and origin—some maintaining an extreme antiquity, while others fix their date at only a century or so back. Further researches may possibly throw some light upon the history of these remarkable specimens of sculpture.

THE GREAT VICTORIA BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In number 213 of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* we gave a large and accurate engraving of this stupendous structure, together with some illustrations of the manner of its construction. This week we present to our readers four superb illustrations of the progress of the construction of the bridge, and an admirable view of the interior of the completed railway tube, through which freight and passenger cars now run daily.

No. 1 represents a section, showing the formation of the great tube and its peculiar mode of structure.

No. 2 is a section, showing the mode of raising the scaffolding preparatory to completing the stone piers and commencing to construct the railroad tube.

No. 3 represents the manner of digging the foundation for the massive piers. The view given is of No. 11 coffer dam, at the distance of twenty-four feet below the surface of the River St. Lawrence.

No. 4 is a correct and admirable representation of the interior of the railway tube, showing its marvellous length and general appearance.

We hazard no contradiction in saying that the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence is the greatest mechanical achievement of the present age.

MISS MARTHA HAINES BUTT, OF NORFOLK, VA.

We present in this number a portrait of that charming Southern authoress, Miss Martha Haines Butt. We know that Norfolk, Virginia, had the

honor of being her birthplace, but we have not ventured to inquire as to the date or the hour in which she first graced the earth. Sufficient for us to know that she was born and still is, without going into vulgar calculations as to age.

Miss M. H. Butt is a piquant and charming writer, purely feminine in her instincts, and spirituelle and graceful in her imaginings. She has gained a widespread reputation throughout the country both in literary and fashionable circles, which the recent publication of her book, "Leisure Moments," cannot fail to enhance.

Miss Martha Haines Butt is no less famous for her personal beauty and the fascination of her manner, which springs in a great degree from the genial impulses of a warm and generous heart. We do not speak from authority, but we have heard that the sculptor Barbee was so struck by the graceful outlines of her hand and arm that he craved permission to transfer them to stone as models of perfect form which should be preserved.

Miss Martha Haines Butt is at present residing in New York, where she receives that distinguished attention which her position merits.

We must not forget to add that the fair original of our portrait gained the distinction of A.M. for her scholastic attainments.

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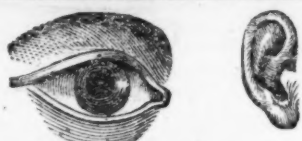
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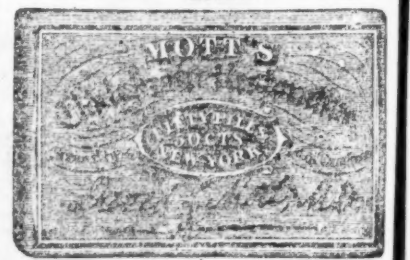
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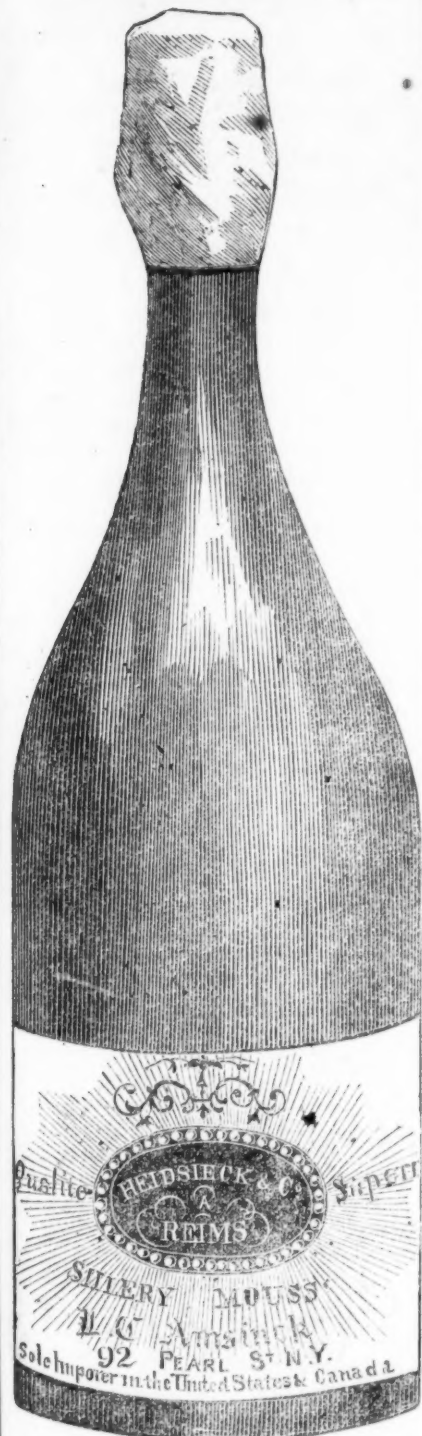
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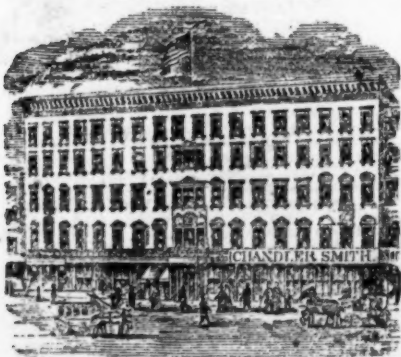


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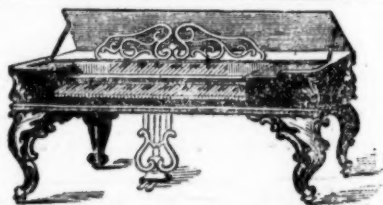
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